PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NO FILTER

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PET OF THE MONTH

CHARLOTTE STOKELY

REIGN OF TERROR:
RODRIGO DUTERTE'S
DIRTY DRUG WAR

WHAT THE FROCK?
CONFESSIONS OF A
PRIEST PIMP

GOOD GIRLS DON'T
BREAK RULES

PET OF THE YEAR

JENNA SATIVA

IS PRETTY IN KINK

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Angela Derasmo

EDITOR, POLITICS & CULTURE
Steve Faber

EDITOR-AT-LARGE
Chris Nieratko

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Sarah Walker

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Mish Barber-Way, Dave Carnie, Alan M. Dershowitz, Dan Dunn, Seth Ferranti, Matt Gallagher, Jeff Kamen, Leah McSweeney, Jenny Nordbak

ART DIRECTOR
Domino

FEATURED ARTISTS
Todd Francis, Jason Johnson, Pel NYC, Porous Walker

IMAGE SPECIALISTS
Zack Korn, Christine Pevarnik

CONTRIBUTORS
Angelo Beltran, Crispin Boyer, Gerald De Behr, Phil Hanrahan, Nathan Harmond, Gregory Holloway, Chad Lee, TommyO, Sam Phillips, Tammy Sands, Camille Todaro

PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR
Victor Gonazalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS
Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

CUSTOMER SERVICE
Palm Coast Data
PO Box 420525
Palm Coast, FL 32142
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE
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310-280-1900

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8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

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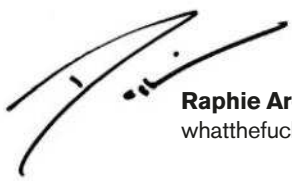
FROM THE EDITOR

I HAD a strange dream the other night. I was in the men's room at Penthouse, halfway through what felt like the biggest pee of my life. When I looked down, however, I realized I was urinating into a trash can. My stream had filled the bin completely–impressive!–and the brilliant yellow liquid spilled onto the floor around my feet. But the strange part was that I felt fine about it. No embarrassment or shame…no desire to clean it up…nothing. I finished up, washed my hands, and left the bathroom to discover puddles of my sunshine yellow tinkle pooling on the floor all across the white-tiled hallway.

I was amused when I woke up, and wanted to learn more about the subliminal curtain-raiser I had just starred in. But even Google didn't know what to do with "sunshine yellow pee, dreams, trash can, overflow, work, puddles." From what I can glean, I'm either coming into a boatload of money, losing control of an aspect of my life, or I'm experiencing some literal parallel of relief.

Perhaps the answer lies closer to relief; after all, the May issue marks exactly one year that I have been entrusted with this magazine–I know! I didn't see that coming either! And I can think of no better way to celebrate than with the 2017 Pet of the Year. (See what I did there?)

Enjoy!



Raphie Aronowitz
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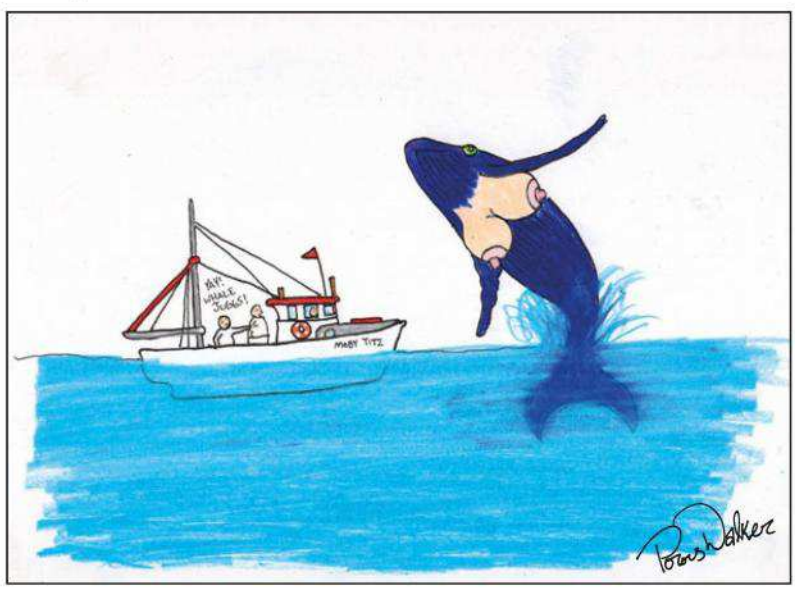

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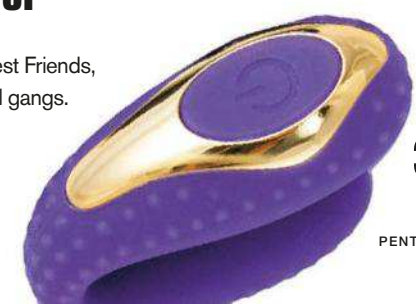

March 2017
Pet of the Month
Riley Nixon

MAIL DOMINANCE

FAT-BOTTOMED GIRLS

I would like to know if you could please feature big-booty girls. I'm white and it's something a lot of white men like.

–William G., via email

[Ed: I couldn't agree with you more, William, and we have some surprises coming your way in the months ahead.]

THIRD EYE BLIND

I am a disabled veteran, formerly registered as a Democrat, now an Independent. And I am *almost* as saddened by Trump's election as I would've been if the Illuminati puppet Clinton had beaten him. Say what you want about that a-hole, but at least Trump doesn't seem bent on destroying U.S. sovereignty like every president since JFK and Ike has. Likely I am wasting my time writing to someone in the employ of the Illuminati.

–Tom N., via USPS

[Ed: Can you blame me? The Illuminati have a top-notch dental plan, year-round summer hours, and a taco bar every Tuesday. Tacos, Tom. Tacos!]

BLUE MONDAY

I'm disappointed that there was no 2017 calendar in your December issue. I really like those calendars, and I'm sure many other readers do, too.

–Steve K., via USPS

[Ed: Yeah, we really fucked the dog on that one, Steve. There's always 2018, though.]

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A big shout-out to Phil for finally learning how to write with his dick.

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Your watch shouldn't cost more than your car. It should look and feel like a power tool and not a piece of bling. Wearing it shouldn't make you think twice about swinging a hammer or changing a tire. A real man's timepiece needs to be ready for anything. But that's just my opinion. If you agree, maybe you're ready for the ***Stauer Centurion Hybrid***. Use your **Exclusive Insider Promotional Code** below and I'll send it to you today for ***ONLY $59.***

This watch doesn't do dainty. And neither do I. Call me old-fashioned, but I want my boots to be leather, my tires to be deep-tread monsters, and my steak thick and rare. Inspiration for a man's watch should come from things like fast cars, firefighters and power tools. And if you want to talk beauty, then let's discuss a 428 cubic inch V8.

Did I mention the $59 price tag? This is a LOT of machine for not a lot of money. The ***Stauer Centurion Hybrid*** sports a heavy-duty alloy body, chromed and detailed with a rotating bezel that allows you to track direction. The luminous hour and minute hands mean you can keep working into the night. And the dual digital displays give this watch a hybrid ability. The LCD windows displays the time, day and date, includes a stopwatch function, and features a bright green electro-luminescent backlight. We previously offered the ***Centurion*** for $199, but with the exclusive promotional code it's yours for **ONLY $59**!

No matter what, this watch can keep up. Thanks to the Stauer 30-day Money Back Guarantee**,** you've got time to prove it. If you're not totally satisfied, return it for a full refund of the purchase price. You also get a 2-year replacement guarantee on both movements. But I have a feeling the only problem you'll have is deciding whether to keep the Stauer ***Centurion*** on your dresser or tucked inside your toolbox.

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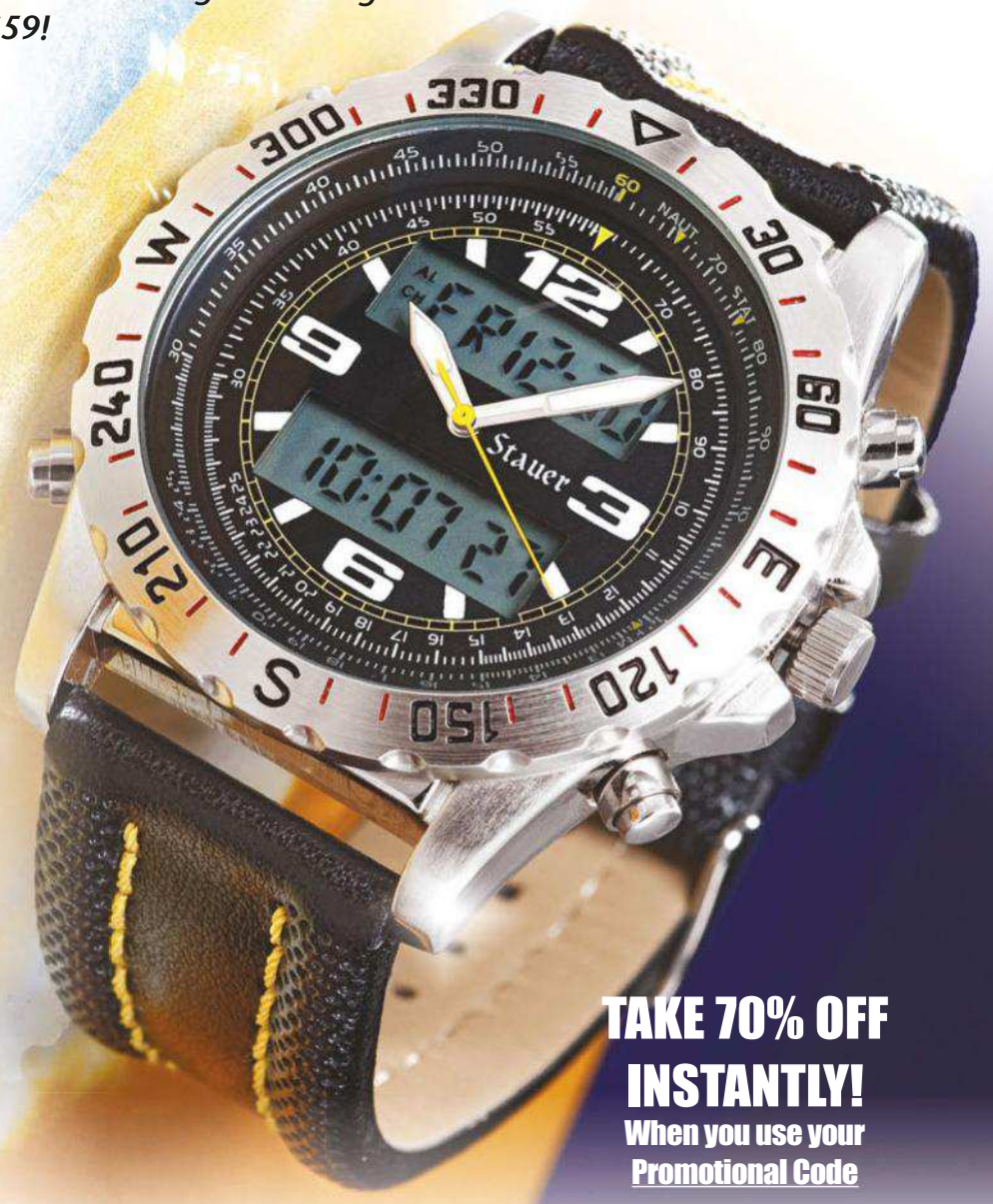
— C.S. from Fort Worth, TX



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SQUAD

1. **Mish Barber-Way** (High Mantenance) is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in the *Los Angeles Times, Hustler,* and on VICE. She is the sex and relationship columnist for the Vancouver newspaper *Westender,* where she helps people fall out of love with escorts and leave serial cheaters. She also fronts the critically acclaimed punk band White Lung.

2. Name: **Dave Carnie** (Endgame and Rough Text) Measurements: 43D-43-43 | Height: 7' | Weight: 666 lbs. Hair: Brown | Eyes: Green | Piercings: NA | Tattoos: NA DOB: December 5, 1933 | Sign: Sagittarius | Hometown: Los Angeles. About Dave: Dave is a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding.

3. After 50 years of teaching, **Alan M. Dershowitz** (Voice of Reason) is now professor emeritus at Harvard Law School. He is the author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants.

4. **Dan Dunn** ("Star Liquor") is an author, TV and radio personality, and award-winning journalist whose work has appeared in *Playboy, GQ,* and the *Los Angeles Times*. His latest book is *American Wino: A Tale of Reds, Whites, and One Man's Blues* (HarperCollins).

5. **Seth Ferranti** ("The Evolution of a Hit Man") is a former federal prisoner and emerging true-crime storyteller. His writings on gangsters have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He recently moved into film with *White Boy,* a feature documentary about Detroit's Richard Wershe Jr. He's the author of the biographical crime series Street Legends, and the comic series Crime Comix.

6. L.A.-based artist **Todd Francis** has created iconic skateboard graphics for companies like Antihero (he created the original Eagle logo), Element, Real, Spitfire, and Stereo. He's also partnered on signature design projects with Vans, Stance, HUF, and Firestone Walker. His studio art has been shown in galleries around the world.

7. **Matt Gallagher** (Embrace the Suck) is the author of the novel *Youngblood,* published in 2016 by Atria/Simon & Schuster. A U.S. Army veteran of Iraq, he's also the author of the nonfiction memoir *Kaboom: Embracing the Suck in a Savage Little War,* and coeditor of, and contributor to, the short-fiction collection *Fire and Forget*.

8. **Jason Johnson**. Twenty-one-year veteran in the art industry. Has worked with DC and Marvel comics, *Maxim* and *Stuff* magazines, and Sony Online Entertainment, to name a few. Has drawn properties such as The Flash, Knight Rider, and The Howling. CEO/Creative Director of JKJ Creative. Unstoppable force.

9. Longtime *Penthouse* contributor **Jeff Kamen** ("Duterte's Reign of Terror") doesn't drink because, as he says, "It messes with my aim." He also says he loves "God, women, dogs, freedom, and good writing." His Special Operations friends call him "the armed liberal."

10. **Leah McSweeney** (Hot Lines) is founder and CEO of the New York City-based Married to the Mob clothing line. In addition to being a regular contributor to such online publications as Hypebeast, where she offers commentary on streetwear style, motherhood, and mental health, Leah is cohost of the podcast "Improper Etiquette," with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

11. Author of VICE media's *Skinema,* the only porn-review book in history that fails to review any videos, editor-at-large **Chris Nieratko** (Are You Lonesome Tonight?) brings his evasive literary gag to our monthly sex-toy column.

12. **Jenny Nordback** (Stocks and Bondage) is a retired dominatrix and author of *The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon*. She loves college football, Islay whiskeys, and her husband.

13. Artist and contributor **PEL** is a decorated military veteran turned creative director focused on multimedia art, fashion, graphic design, and brand development for many clothing and sneaker lines, including Uniqlo, Joseph Abboud, Reebok, and Nike.

14. Art goon **Porous Walker** is like your penis. He also loves to draw and laugh. He hopes you laugh or don't laugh at his drawings.

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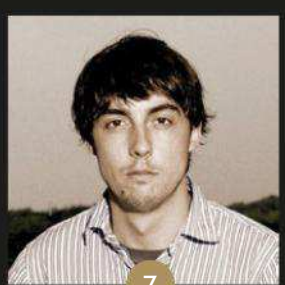
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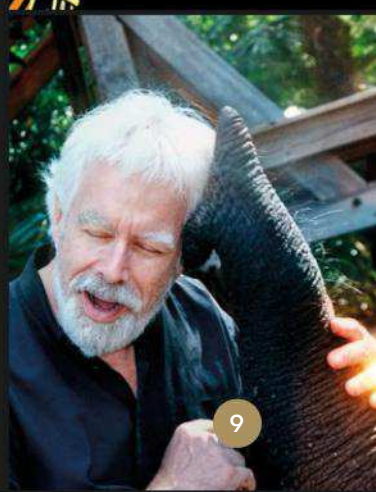
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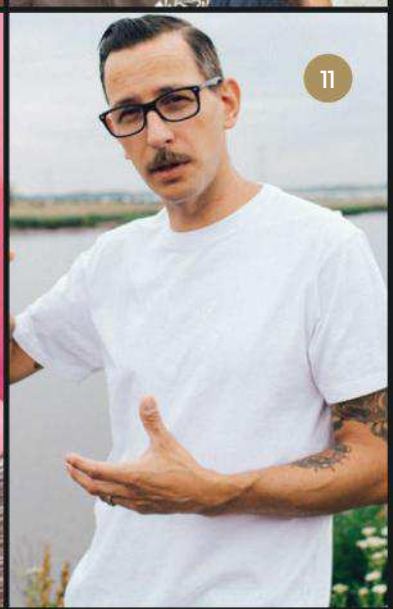
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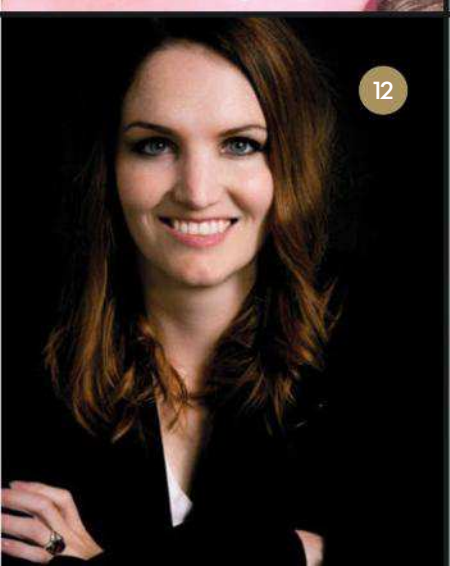
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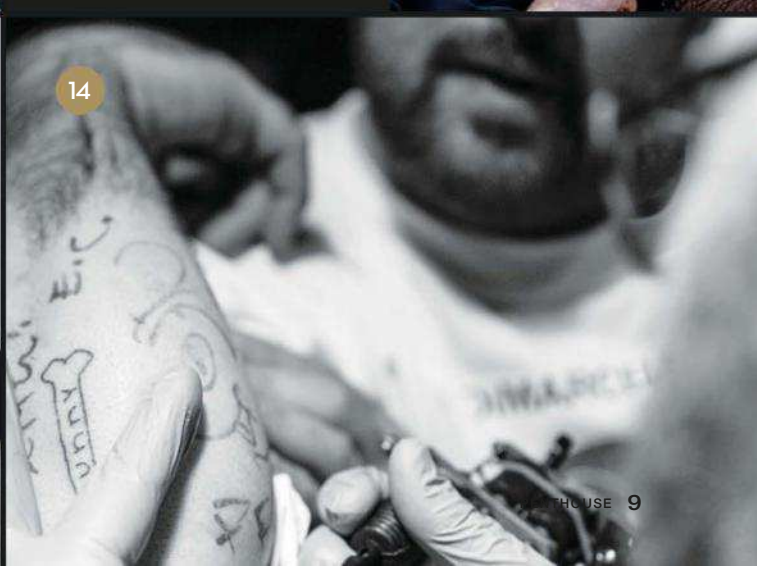
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

HOT MESS

A FEW years ago I dated a girl named Julia who was a hot mess. I liked her, but she loved her vices—mainly drugs and alcohol. I was working retail during the day, and on the weekends I hosted a popular DJ night at a bar all our friends frequented. My night became a "thing" and every Saturday was a wild party. Julia would usually do it up extra big and became a colossal pain in my ass. Forget going home at 2 A.M. and ending the night with a great fuck. She would often pass out while we were still in the taxi.

One Saturday evening during my regular DJ night, I noticed Julia talking with Alyssa. I knew Alyssa pretty well and always had a little thing for her. Maybe I was fed up with Julia, or maybe I was just horny, but I found myself looking past my girlfriend and right at Alyssa. Julia was sipping on her drink while Alyssa waved her arms and chatted intently. Even over the music, I could hear her sultry, throaty voice.

As the night came to an end, Alyssa was still at the bar laughing and talking. She was composed and stunning. I couldn't help but stare at her. Meanwhile, Julia, who was on her usual end-of-the-evening ramble, wobbled up to me and slurred that she was ready to go home.

I had no interest. I was getting sick of it. So I invited our remaining friends at the bar to come back to my house for an afterparty. Alyssa perked up at the idea, and the seven of us, including Julia, went outside and hailed a few cabs.

When we got to my place, Julia excused herself to the bathroom and never returned. A few guys raided the kitchen to mix some drinks, and Alyssa plunked herself onto the L-shaped couch right next to me. I could see her ample cleavage being forced up by her bra under her sheer black sweater. She extended her legs on the coffee table, crossing them over mine and rubbing my shoulder against hers. I could feel the tension rising between us as the night wore on, but I wasn't sure if it was just my imagination running away with my cock.

At one point, I got up to use the toilet and peeked into my bedroom to check on Julia. She was stretched out in the middle of my bed, sleeping like a wasted baby.

By the time 4 A.M. rolled around, everyone was ready to leave. Someone offered to split a cab with Alyssa but she said she felt bad because her place was in the opposite direction. As we all said our sloppy good-byes, Alyssa pulled out her phone and pretended to request an Uber.

"Don't worry," she said in a raspy whisper. "I'm not leaving yet."

When everyone was gone, we returned to the couch with our drinks. She put her hands on my chest and grabbed my shirt, "Are you sure Julia is asleep?"

I nodded like a bobblehead and tugged at her pants, pulling them down to reveal her creamy thighs and perfectly manicured pubic mound—a strawberry blonde triangle pointing down to her cunt. I dove right in and ran my tongue from the bottom of her moist, soft slit to the top. I felt her whole body shudder as she grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face deeper into her pussy. I batted her clit with my tongue like a kitten playing with a toy. I lapped up her pussy juice as she fought to hold back her moans.

I could feel her clit growing as my spit mixed with her sweet syrup. She tasted so good I wanted to swallow everything that poured out of her. Alyssa wiggled her pelvis into the air and I slipped a finger into her asshole as I continued to slurp. She whipped her head back, flexing her abdomen so hard that I stopped to stare up at her. I was her loyal slave, so I dove back in, sandwiching my hand in her ass and my tongue commanding her pussy. I was so lost between her legs that I barely noticed when she gripped at my neck and whispered, "Stop. I think I hear Julia."

I could have cared less in that moment, but she was right. I heard something. Fuck. I told Alyssa to wait and walked to the bedroom. Julia was still asleep. I touched her shoulder and she started to snore again. I closed the door and returned to Alyssa. She had pulled a blanket over her naked bottom half.

"I want to finish you off," I said.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes

I SLIPPED FOUR OF MY FINGERS INTO HER, SLOWLY SLIDING IN AND OUT SO I COULD FEEL EVERY NERVE IN HER CUNT.

starving for me. "Sit next to me," she said, grabbing my hand and guiding it toward her wet pussy. "It's too risky."

I started rubbing her engorged, hot hole as she pulled my dick out and began stroking. Alyssa laid the blanket so it was covering us both as we jerked one another off. It was too fucking much. I needed to stick my cock inside her. I tried to mount her but she kept me down, using my dick as a stick shift.

Our arms were tangled as we furiously worked at one another as quietly as we could. I slipped four of my fingers into her, slowly sliding in and out so I could feel every nerve in her cunt engulf my hand like a bear trap. As she got wetter, she surrendered my cock from her hand, and I threw my thumb into the mix. Within seconds, I turned toward her, my entire hand driving into her heated gash as she bit into the couch cushions to keep from screaming. I watched her battle with herself as I slowly slipped out my fist, then ducked my head back under the blanket and sucked on her clit until she came all over my face. Her whole body convulsed as I drank up every last bit of her until I could barely breathe.

"Thank you," she mouthed. "I love being fisted."

We both sat silent, enjoying what had just transpired as we pulled on our clothes. Alyssa grabbed my hand and we went into my kitchen. She took what was left of the wine and poured us each a glass. I expected some awkward conversation about how we would act when we saw one another next.

"Do you think Julia woke up?" she asked innocently.

"She was snoring when I went in before," I said.

Alyssa smiled. She picked up a chair from the kitchen, walked down the hallway toward the bedroom door, and shoved it under the knob, locking it in place. Genius. She came back at me, pushed me against the pantry door, and ripped down my pants. Taking my barely hard cock between her lips, she licked, slobbered, and sucked the life back into me within seconds.

Alyssa moved her mouth to my balls, gingerly tonguing them one by one as she jerked my shaft. She grabbed my ass, vacuumed in my dick, and I face-fucked her so hard her nose pressed into my stomach as she slurped, gobbled, and gagged. She was an animal, gulping, clenching, and working my pole like it was the last dick of her life. I couldn't even think straight.

Just as I told her I was about to come, Alyssa twirled her tongue like it was split in two and cocooned me inside her mouth as I unloaded down her throat. Instead of wiping off her face, she licked her lips and slithering her hot tongue around my dick one more time.

She called herself a car without us saying much. It was like we'd both come to from a black-out. I stayed up for a while, tossing between total satisfaction and extreme guilt. The next day, I broke it off with Julia. A few months later, Alyssa and I started dating. And yes, she still likes to blow me in the kitchen, for old times' sake.

—Cody W., Charleston, South Carolina

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

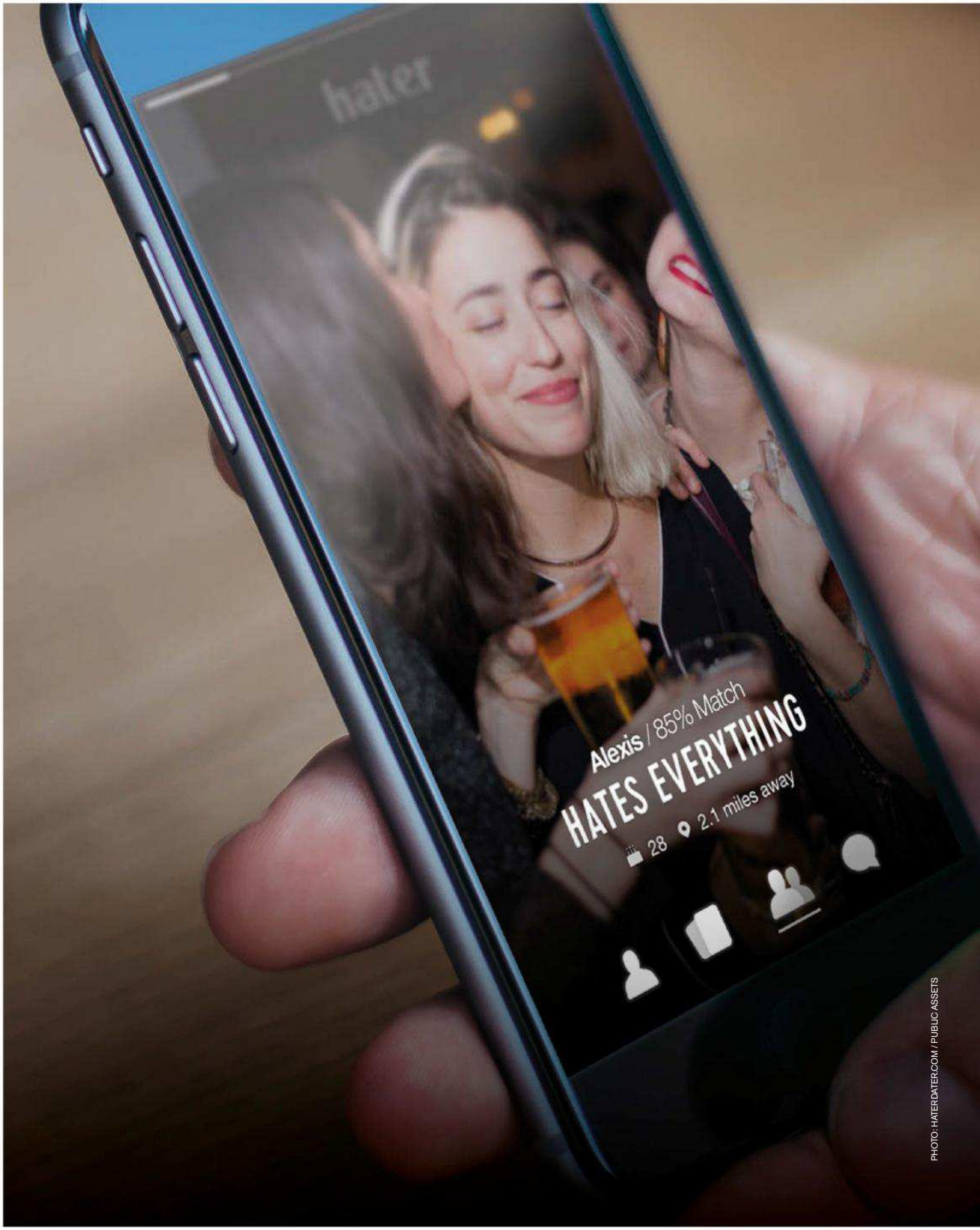
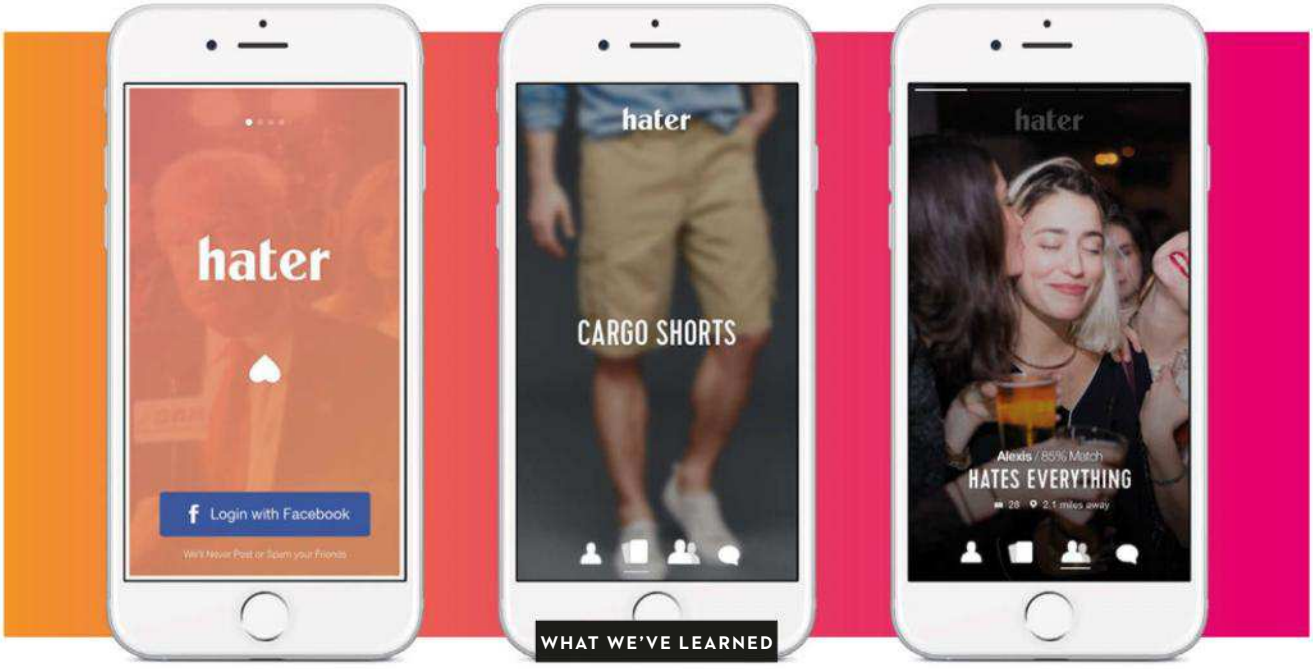


PHOTO: HATERDATER.COM / PUBLIC ASSETS

THE HATEFUL DATE

A DATING APP COUPLES MUTUAL DISDAINS, ELON MUSK DIGS L.A., A MILF BURRITO, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



HATE BAIT

IT was Joy Division's Ian Curtis who proclaimed that "Love will tear us apart," so maybe hate can bring us together?

At least that's the hope behind Hater, a new dating app that allows people to connect over their mutual disdain for celebrities, trends, activities, and foods. Among over 3,000 hate-triggering categories are selfie sticks, jam bands, cargo shorts, and slow walkers—this last category proving to be a real crowd pleaser in New York City during the app's pilot phase.

Users swipe down if they hate something, up if they love it, right if they merely like it, and left if they dislike it. An algorithm matches users based on location and shared peeves.

It began as a joke. App creator Brendan Alper, a former Goldman Sachs employee turned comedy writer, came up with the idea as part of a sketch. But the more he thought about it, the more business potential an actual hate-based app seemed to have.

Research supported his intuition, as social psychologists point out that hate is a powerful bonding tool.

"What we hate is an important part of who we are, but it's often swept under the rug in our public persona," says Alper, 29. "We want people to express themselves more honestly. Plus, it's easy to start a conversation if you know you both hate pickles."

There's even a built-in game to help break the ice with your matches, so gone are the days of reaching out with a jarring dick pic or lame "Hey." It provides a short scenario and lets users fill in the blanks with their own hate-powered interpretation.

Is this another sign that society is turning us all into cynical assholes? Maybe. But hey, haters gotta date too, right?

WHAT THE FROCK?

AN Italian cleric is under investigation for domestic violence and abetting prostitution. That's right—the priest was a part-time pimp.

Father Andrea Contin, 48, a parish priest at the Church of San Lazzaro in Padua, is accused of having as many as 30 lovers, many of whom he regularly pimped out to other men through partner-swapping websites.

One of his accusers said in her police statement that the priest carried "vibrators, sex toys, masks, and bondage equipment" in his briefcase, instead of the expected Bible, holy water, and spare collar. Along with the sexytime paraphernalia, he also had a library of porn videos labeled with the names of various popes. So apparently to set the right mood he might fire up a video named Benedict XVI or Servant of God Jean Paul I.

Father Contin was into some pretty kinky shit, too. One of his accusers claimed he encouraged her to get freaky with a horse. He could be physically abusive as well. This same accuser claimed he beat her in the rectory on at least two occasions.

Other reports note that the priest often brought women on luxurious trips across Europe, sometimes taking them to a nudist and swingers resort in southern France.

A church volunteer offered her story of unholy union with the priest, saying she went to him for spiritual guidance but ended up becoming one of his sex partners.

"It happened in the rectory and in different houses," she stated. "At all hours: morning, afternoon, night. Always."

Contin now faces defrocking by the Vatican and possible criminal charges.

PHOTO: HATERDATER.COM / PUBLIC ASSETS

FAUX REAL?

PETA is well known for its headline-grabbing publicity stunts. Over the years we've seen it condemn Pokémon for desensitizing kids to animal cruelty, attempt to rename fish as "sea kittens," and use drones to hunt hunters.

Their latest attempt to raise awareness is no different. PETA UK is petitioning the CEO of Games Workshop, the company behind *Warhammer 40,000,* a tabletop war game that stages fantasy battles using plastic figurines, to remove fur from the wardrobes of the game's characters.

Here's a statement on the organization's website:

"From the mighty Leman Russ and Horus Lupercal to Chaos Warriors and the Sisters of Silence, *Warhammer* features an abundance of characters who wear what appear to be animal pelts, which just doesn't add up."

Worried about the message sent by a game whose violent, dystopian universe is set 40,000 years in the future, PETA continues:

"Indeed, nothing on the bloody battlefields of *Warhammer*'s war-torn world could match the horrific reality that foxes, minks, rabbits, and other living beings experience at the hands of the fur trade."

It's hard to imagine the fur industry getting a boost when nerdy dudes emulate their favorite Space Marine. And of course the figures' fur is painted, not real. So why is PETA targeting a board game, rather than, say, fur distribution companies or hunting groups?

Probably because wacky stunts like this get media attention. And it's obviously working because we're talking about it right now (shaking fist in air, "curse you, clever PETA"). Meanwhile, as the conversation revolves around PETA and their antics, there's a lot less attention being paid to real fur in the fashion world.

FLORIDA MAN...AGAIN

AH, good ol' Florida Man, what kind of trouble has he got himself into now?

When not tossing live alligators through drive-through windows, posing as a dentist and extracting teeth without anesthetic, or peeing in police cars, Florida Man is also known to occasionally get mixed up in the drug game.

This time it's Kevin Johnson, 46, arrested by Hernando County police on suspicion of trafficking large quantities of heroin in the Tampa area.

But this being Florida, there's a twist. Emblazoned on the sides of the 5,500 packages seized by authorities were the faces of President Donald Trump, Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán, and Colombian crime lord Pablo Escobar.

Police say they don't know why Johnson stamped his baggies with the images. But the state's top law-enforcement official, Attorney General Pam Bondi, is not amused.

A former member of Trump's transition team, Bondi told the *Tampa Bay Times:* "All I want to say to this drug dealer is, 'Big mistake by putting the president's picture on this.'"

Bondi even promised to "make sure [President Trump] gets one of these packages when the case is all over to put in the Oval Office to remind him of all the good he's doing."

Kind of a weird gift when you think about it, but it's the thought that counts, right?

PHOTOS: ISTOCK / IMAGES_BY_KENNY; ISTOCK / BRENDAN HUNTER

MILF BURRITO

CHILDBIRTH is no picnic. For all the things us guys have to endure, we should be pretty damn happy that squeezing the equivalent of a large, lumpy football out of our bodies isn't one of them.

And unfortunately for most women, the ordeal of giving birth doesn't end at cutting the umbilical cord.

In Japan, one Kyoto-based midwife has come up with a bizarre but reportedly effective way to treat the post-labor aches and pains women suffer after bearing a child.

It's called Otonamaki—which literally translates to "adult wrapping." Because apparently the best way to beat the baby pains is to be swaddled and rocked like a baby yourself. The women sit cross-legged and get completely encased in a thin, breathable cloth bag. After that, they're rocked from side to side for 15-20 minutes.

So far, the treatment has received positive feedback. One new mother said, "It felt warm, and there was this feeling in my body. I have never experienced this before, so it's quite hard to describe properly."

The treatment originator even claims the adult swaddling can help anyone with body aches, poor posture, flexibility issues, and related musculoskeletal complaints. And people are listening—the bag-wrap technique has become something of a craze in Japan.

Unsurprisingly, not everyone is on board with Otonamaki. Chiropractor Shiro Oba is among a number of professionals calling bullshit on this curious therapy, insisting that mothers and other adults experiencing back and hip pain should see a doctor.

Says Oba, "I just can't think of how people can benefit from this, even as a form of reflexology or exercise."

We're no professionals, but we suspect an Advil, too, might be a better bet.

INDEPENDENT WORM SALOON

SNAKES get all the shine and worms get no love. Case in point: *Anaconda, Snakes on a Plane,* even *The Lair of the White Worm,* the 1988 British horror movie adapting the Bram Stoker novel, featured what seems much more like a giant snake, with fangs, susceptible to musical charming. Sure, *Tremors* and its subsequent sequels feature giant wormlike monsters, the film *How to Eat Fried Worms* revolves around the slimy arthropods, and who can forget the campy spaceworm in *The Empire Strikes Back*? So, now that we have completely fucked up our segue, let's get back to the story.

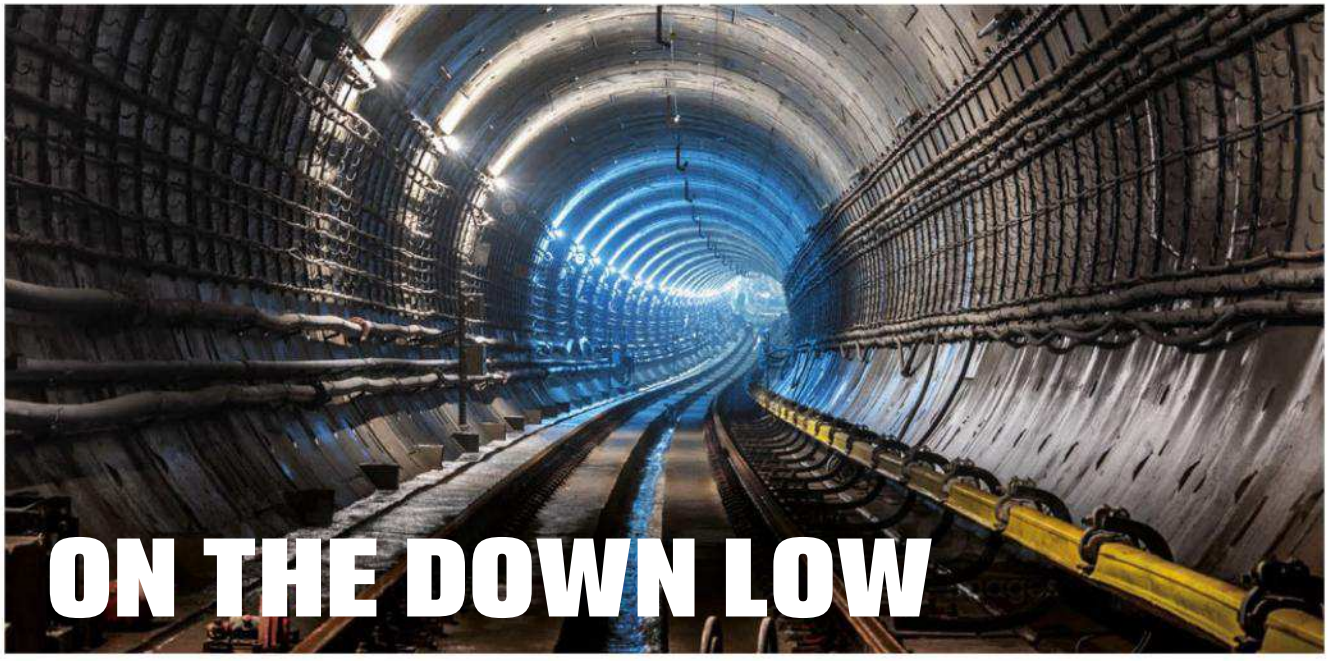
A worm in India succeeded in grabbing headlines when doctors removed a six-foot tapeworm through a patient's mouth, according to a recent report published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

After complaining of intolerable abdominal pain, the 48-year-old man visited a hospital, where part of the worm was discovered during a colonoscopy. The attending physician wrote: "It was an undulating, moving piece…. This worm segment was confirmation that there was a tapeworm infestation in this patient."

After the initial discovery, doctors confirmed the severity of the infection with an endoscopy, inserting a camera into the patient's throat to view his intestines. The team was then able to view images of the parasite. "We had absolutely no idea regarding the length of this worm," the physician said. "It kept on coming."

Once the patient was sedated, doctors began the extraction process, using forceps. "We pulled at it softly and steadily," said our medical white knight. The extraction took more than an hour.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BRENT HOFACKER



ON THE DOWN LOW

NEXT time you're snarled in bumper-to-bumper traffic, take heart that brainy billionaire Elon Musk is boring–as in digging–and might be onto a solution. Yup, the guy known for bankrolling space travel and electric cars is now investigating a way to reduce big-city congestion by looking underground.

After lamenting L.A. traffic in a series of tweets, Musk had an idea and started to experiment. His team began by excavating a "test trench" 30 feet wide, 50 feet long, and 15 feet deep. "We're just going to figure out what it takes to improve tunneling speed by, I think, somewhere between 500 and 1,000 percent," he said during a recent Hyperloop design competition at SpaceX. "We have no idea what we're doing–I want to be clear about that."

The notion of building highway tunnels isn't new, of course. But Musk has a vision surpassing anything previously imagined–beating gridlock through a complex network of very deep tunnels. "If you think of tunnels going ten, twenty, thirty layers deep (or more), it is obvious that going three dimensions down will encompass the needs of any city's transport of arbitrary size," he told *WIRED* in a recent Twitter direct message.

"You have tall buildings, they're all 3D, and then everyone wants to go into the building and leave the building at the same time," Musk said. "On a 2D road network, that obviously doesn't work, so you have to go 3D either up or down. And I think probably down."

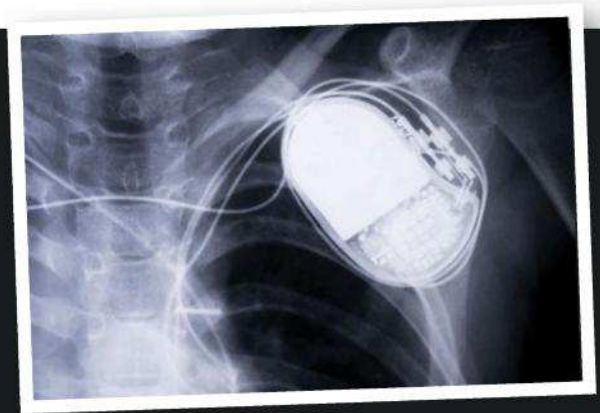
Right now the digging is taking place on SpaceX land near Los Angeles. But the billionaire is already planning to expand the tunnel beyond his property, using the high-speed diggers he envisions.

THE TELL-TALE HEART

WE live in a world with heightened surveillance. Eyes in the sky, police cameras, private CCTV, online monitors, etc. But did you know you're also being watched from inside your body? Well, not exactly, but in the case of one 59-year-old Ohio man arrested on charges of aggravated arson and insurance fraud, proof came via his pacemaker.

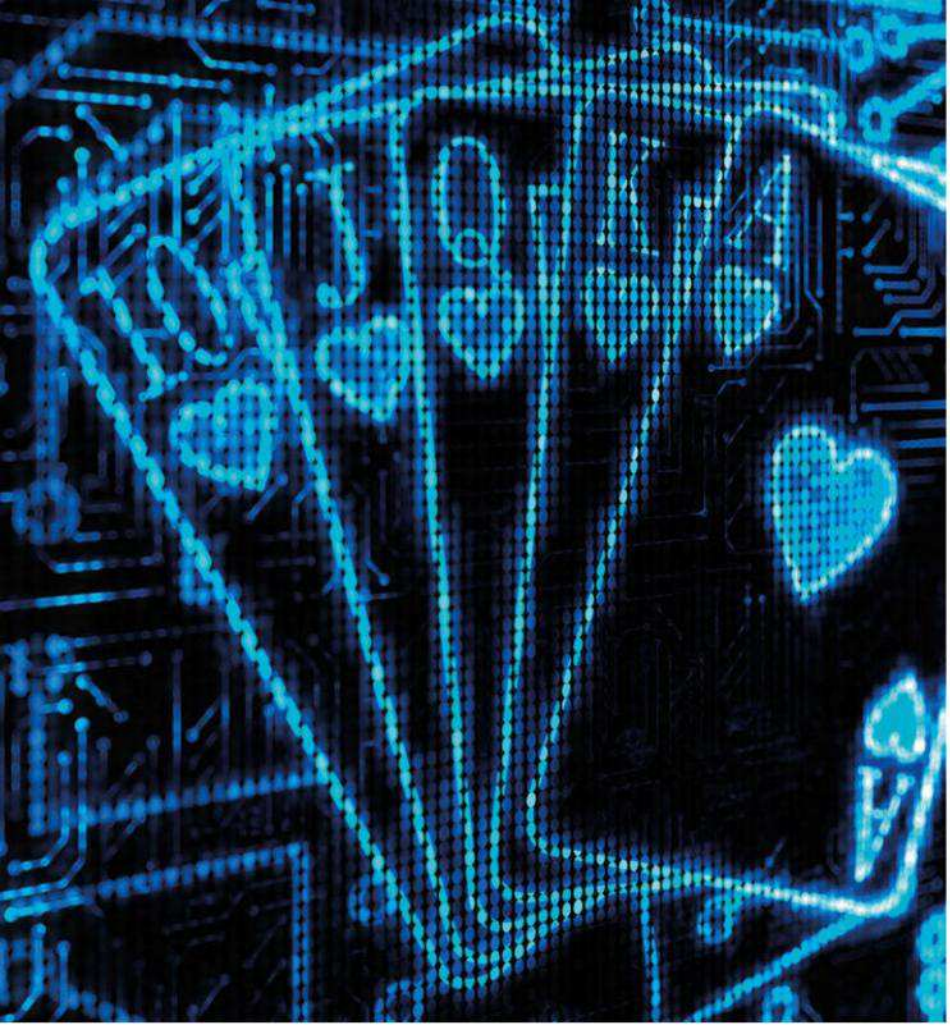
When Ross Compton called 911 to report a fire causing $400,000 in damages to his house last September, police were a little suspicious. Compton claimed that once he realized the emergency, he had time to pack up a lot of his belongings and toss them through a window that he broke with his cane. Making his story even less likely was the fact that he has an artificial heart. Finding the whole thing fishy, police obtained a warrant to examine data from Compton's pacemaker at the time of the conflagration.

According to court documents, a cardiologist who reviewed the data testified, "It is highly improbable Mr. Compton would have been able to collect, pack, and remove the number of items from the house, exit his bedroom window, and carry numerous large and heavy items to the front of his residence during the short period he has indicated due to his medical conditions."



Police later found traces of gasoline on Ross's shoes, and investigators determined the fire started at multiple points within his house at the same time. Compton calls the allegations "utterly insane," but we are calling Compton "busted."

PHOTOS: ISTOCK/FODOR90; ISTOCK/SAOIRSE_2010



READ 'EM AND BLEEP

THE results of an epic, 20-day poker tournament are in, and we have a winner: Artificial intelligence. With the science getting increasingly sophisticated, AI has reached the point where it's now better at playing poker than humans. Go science!

An AI computer program named Libratus challenged four top poker pros and took them for $1.76 million. It's a historic moment in AI innovation.

Until now, AI was unable to beat humans in the nuanced game of no-limit Texas Hold 'Em. While other games like Othello, chess, Go, and *Jeopardy!* have all been conquered, poker requires a different set of skills, and has remained elusive, explained Tuomas Sandholm, computer science professor at Carnegie Mellon and cocreator of Libratus.

"In contrast to those other games of intellect, a poker player can know only part of what's happening during each hand. Poker is an imperfect information game. So many of the cards are hidden—and so much luck is involved. AI is successfully using deep neural networks to mimic the very human intuition that poker players rely on."

Incredibly, Libratus learned to play poker from scratch.

"We give the AI a description of the game. We don't tell it how to play," says Noam Brown, a CMU grad student who built the system alongside Professor Sandholm. "It develops a strategy completely independently from human play, and it can be very different from the way humans play the game."

Through a process known as reinforcement learning (a method of trial and error), after several months and trillions of hands of poker, Libratus was finally able to not only challenge humans, but play in a way they could not.

The Libratus algorithms can take the rules of a scenario and come up with its own unique solutions. "The algorithms can take information and output a strategy in a range of scenarios, including negotiations, finance, medical treatment, and cybersecurity," said Sandholm. Strip poker with frisky sexbots? It's probably right around the corner.

NORTH KOREA ROCKS

SOMETIMES being related to North Korea's Glorious Leader has its perks.

Turns out Kim Jong-chul, the little-known older brother of Kim Jong-un, is a huge Eric Clapton fan. And like his idol Slowhand, he's masterful on the guitar.

We know this because Thae Yong-ho, former deputy ambassador to London and a recent high-profile defector from the North Korean regime, was called upon two years ago to buy tickets to Clapton's 70th Birthday Celebration Tour at the Royal Albert Hall.

Yong-ho attended the show with Jong-chul, who ditched the beige military garb for a leather jacket and aviator shades…and was seen escorting a young lady initially thought to be his girlfriend. But Yong-ho corrected the record. He told the media the woman was actually a rhythm guitarist from Moranbong Band, an (N)K-pop group formed by none other than Kim Jong-un.

After the show, the pair went to Denmark Street in London's West End to shop for new guitars. Jong-chul impressed one store's employees, who reportedly let him play some of the merch, even suppressing their mild annoyance when he started playing "Stairway to Heaven."

Jong-chul was bombarded with questions about where he was from and what bands he played in, but, according to Yong-ho, "He didn't say anything, he just smiled."

PHOTOS: ISTOCK / ALENGO ; ISTOCK / IDEMA

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MUSIC

HAVE YOU SEEN MOLLY?

THE history of electronic dance music, or EDM, includes Tom Cruise and Andy Samberg.

We swear, Molly played no part in that statement.

Cruise will appear in the chapter covering the genre early this century, thanks to his role as power-suited hit man Vincent in Michael Mann's 2004 thriller *Collateral*.

Coolly determined to take down his fourth target of the night, dragging along Jamie Foxx's cab driver character Max, Vincent strides across a packed dance floor in Club Fever, a Koreatown nightclub near downtown Los Angeles.

For two tense minutes, Vincent searches for his victim, electronica thumping, dancers lost in the beat. Violence erupts. People scatter, bullets fly.

A shoot-out in the club. FBI agents, bodyguards for the targeted Korean gangster, thugs in the employ of a cartel drug lord–everyone's blasting–all while that rhythmic, percussive dance track, "Ready Steady Go (Korean Style)," plays on.

We think it's one of the great uses of a song in film. And it's not a sonic overlay. It's six-plus minutes of hypnotic electronica married to the mayhem, pulsing in real time.

The arranger? Legendary British trance DJ and record producer Paul Oakenfold, whose dance roots go all the way back to the late-eighties English acid house scene. The original version of the song scored the Mini Cooper chase in *The Bourne Identity* (2002). For *Collateral,* Oakenfold remixed his tune with Korean lyrics. It's a trance showcase, exposing millions to the rhythms, textures, and tempos of EDM. And in those two minutes before the shit hits the fan, the sequence also captures the spell cast by this music, and the collective delirium it induces.

Jump to May 2014. The *Saturday Night Live* season finale. In a digital short called "When Will the Bass Drop?", Andy Samberg plays electronica superstar DJ Davvincii, his name spoofing Swedish DJ Avicii, his look–shaggy hair, shitty tee, Eurotrash leather jacket–spoofing France's David Guetta, another multimillionaire celebrity DJ.

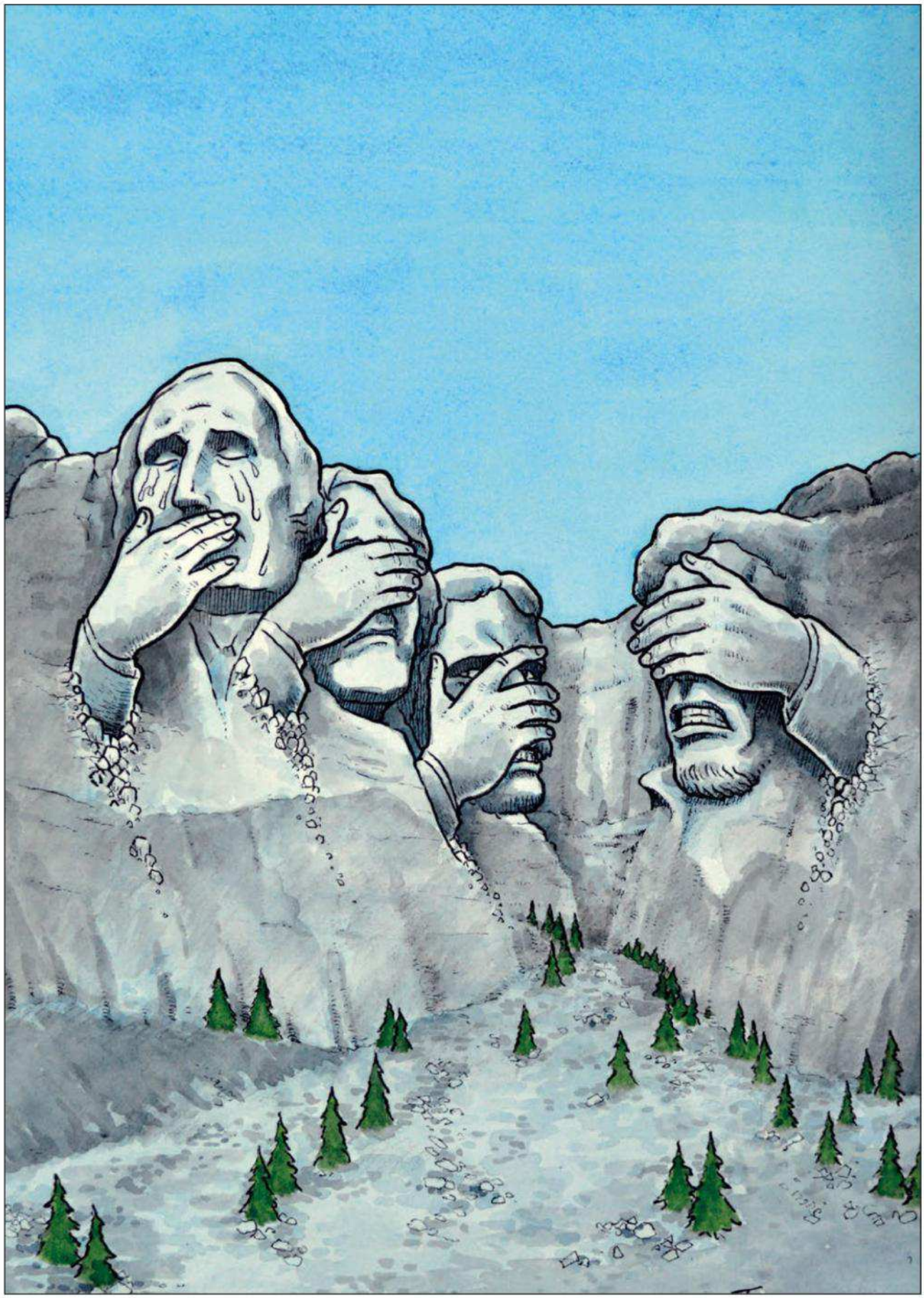
Samberg's skit completely crushes the hype and excesses of EDM–driven home when corporate drones carry bags of cash onstage and hand them to Davvincii. Adoring fans fork over bills, jewelry, and credit cards, which Davvincii runs on the spot. He also fries an egg, plays "Bust A Move," and builds a Jenga tower mid-song.

And when he finally does drop the bass–by pressing a big red button that reads BASS–things get darker than the Club Fever violence. Fans' heads explode. A guy commits seppuku. Everybody dies.

The spoof underscores what some music critics, longtime EDM fans, and even a few top DJs had been warning about. Electronica, they argued, had become so commercialized, celebritized, and mainstreamed, it was sick and in danger of dying.

Will a revitalized wave of EDM come along? If so, it will be Part III in a story that began with the raves of the nineties and continued with the festival spectacles of the aughts and after. And if so, if electronica revives itself, it will start with a beat....

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / NBC



MAN OF THE MOMENT

T. J. MILLER

ANYONE who's seen HBO's *Silicon Valley,* currently in its fourth season, knows damn well that Erlich Bachman, the pompous blowhard played by comedian T. J. Miller, is arguably the best part of the show. And for a series as good as *Silicon Valley,* that's saying a lot.

As for his strong suit, comedy, Miller in his stand-up (including his Comedy Central special "No Real Reason") comes across as a guy high as fuck on booze, coke, weed, and meds, but the mix is so perfect he's always hilariously on-point. (Check out Miller's jaunt hosting the 2015 Crunchies on YouTube, and all the brilliant and off-color ways he sticks it to the oh-so-precious tech community—in particular, Gabi Holzwarth, ex-GF of Uber CEO Travis Kalanick. Trust us—you'll be a Miller fan after watching it, if you aren't already.)

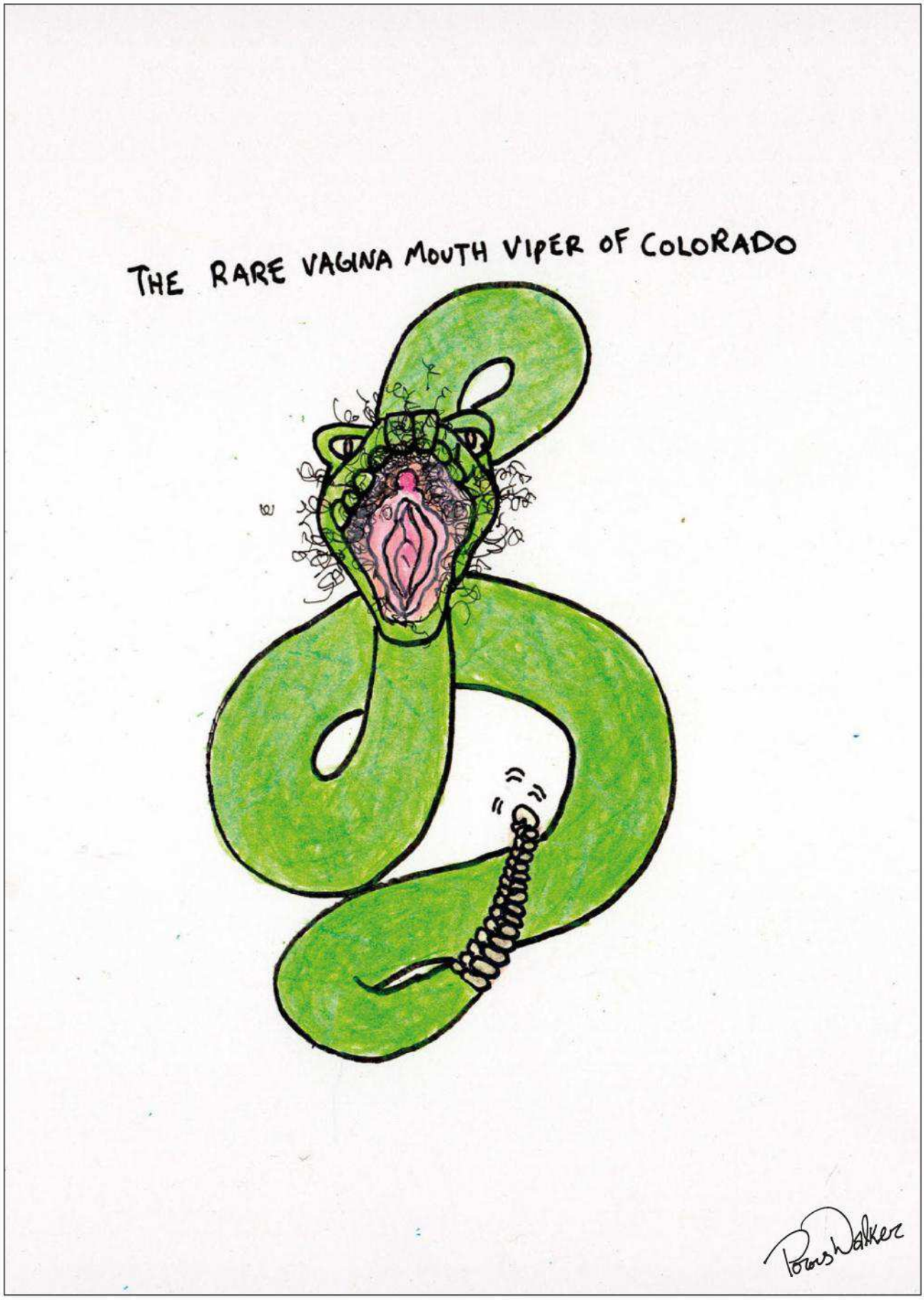
This could-be-high demeanor didn't do him any favors in 2010, however, when he endured a potentially fatal medical emergency. Miller was diagnosed with a golf-ball-sized brain malformation that affects behavior, learning, and personality, along with causing hallucinations. "I started getting excited about entanglement puzzles," he told one audience. "I was studying them and taking them apart and putting them back together. I would talk about the narrative path of the conversation before I engaged in it, and then I would hit those signposts in the conversation and usually end with a compliment."

After surgery, he asked his friends if they'd noticed anything weird. "Oh yeah," they told him. "We thought you were on drugs." "That shows you how good of friends you have," Miller riffed. "They think you're on meth, and they're just like, 'Don't mention it. It will work itself out.'"

A headline-making arrest in December (he smacked an Uber driver after an argument about Donald Trump) was just more comedy fodder for the untouchable Miller, and hasn't slowed him down one iota for 2017. Along with a guest slot on the new Judd Apatow HBO series *Crashing* and voicing Gene in *The Emoji Movie* (WTF!—they're making movies about emojis now?), he'll appear in his fifth project with Jay Baruchel (*How to Train Your Dragon*) in the hockey comedy *Goon: Last of the Enforcers*.

And if all else fails, Miller can always fall back on his recurring role as the talking snot wad in the Mucinex commercials.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / GREG DOHERTY


THE RARE VAGINA MOUTH VIPER OF COLORADO
Porous Walker

CRUSH

DIANE GUERRERO

DIANE Guerrero is perhaps best known as the badass inmate Maritza Ramos in Netflix's *Orange is the New Black* (season five starts June 9!). The 30-year-old actress also plays Lina, best friend of the titular character in CW's *Jane the Virgin*. But in 2014, Guerrero earned a new kind of recognition for an op-ed piece she wrote for the *Los Angeles Times,* outing herself as the daughter of undocumented immigrants.

As a freshman at the Boston Arts Academy, where she was studying music, Guerrero came home one day in 2001 to find the lights on, dinner started, and the apartment empty. Neighbors told her that her parents had been taken by immigration officers; they were held in a detention center and deported back to their native Colombia, from where they'd fled in 1981.

Despite her parents' wishes for her to leave with them, Guerrero remained in the U.S. to finish her education. Poor and suddenly alone at the age of 14, she relied on the hospitality of her friends' families. She told few people about her situation, afraid of being stigmatized; alcohol abuse, depression, cutting, and debt soon followed.

Against all odds, Guerrero pulled her life together and went on to study political science and communications in college. It wasn't until the relatively late age of 24 that she decided to pursue a career in acting.

Guerrero moved to New York, and after many auditions and nearly as many rejections, the actress got her break–and she broke big, landing the role of Maritza in *OITNB*. Since its 2013 premiere, the show has scored numerous Emmy, Golden Globe, and Writers Guild nominations, and won two Producers Guild awards, one AFI award, and a Peabody.

Using her newfound fame as a platform, Guerrero broke her silence about her family's ordeal with her *L.A. Times* op-ed, creating a new wave of debate about immigration reform. She began volunteering with the Immigration Legal Resource Center and Mi Familia Vota, and in 2015 she was named a White House ambassador for citizenship and naturalization.

Beauty, brains, and a mission to help change things for the better? For us, that's the ultimate crush.

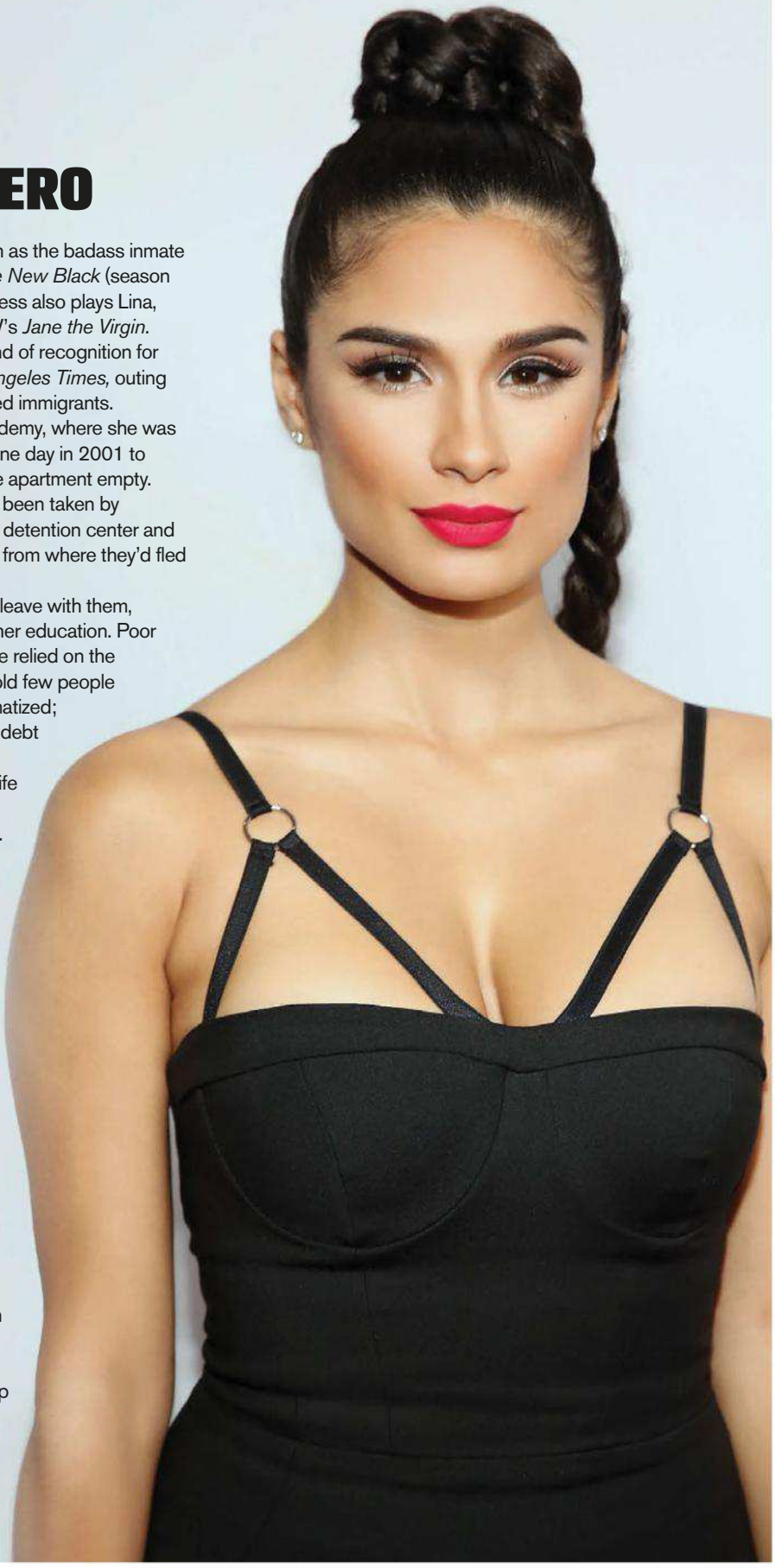
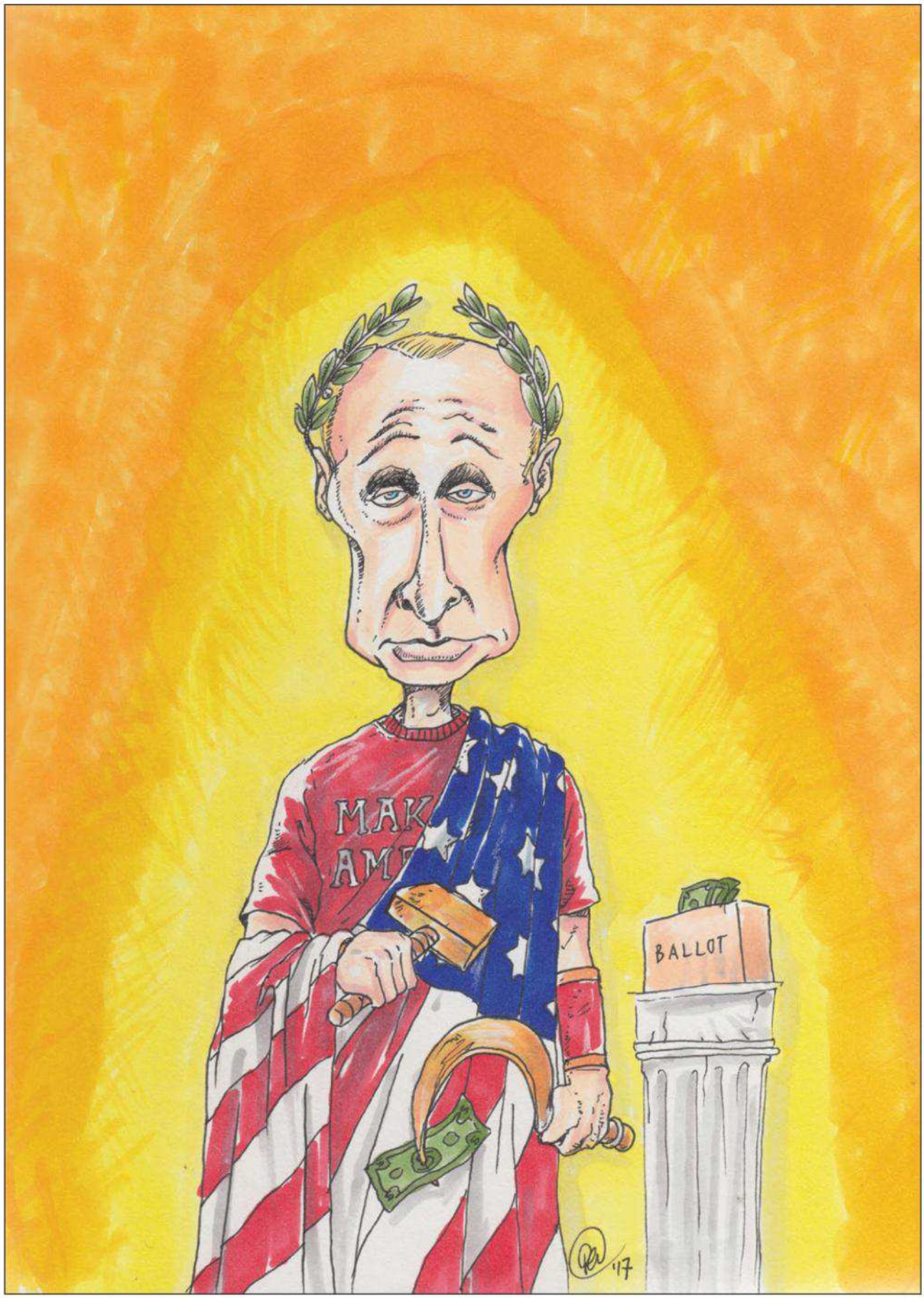


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / AARON DAVIDSON


BALLOT
'17

FILM

STAR LIQUOR: THE FABULOUS WORLD OF CELEBRITY BOOZE ENDORSEMENTS

BY DAN DUNN

IT'S the early 1980s. Billy Dee Williams is wearing a cable-knit sweater, lounging on a sofa in a softly lit, swank bachelor pad. He's got that look on his face. You know the one. The half-smirk of complete confidence, the same one he flashed Princess Leia in *The Empire Strikes Back* as he told her she belonged with him among the clouds. Pulled that shit right in front of Han Solo, too. It's the facial-expression equivalent to Samuel L. Jackson's wallet in *Pulp Fiction*. It's the one that says "bad motherfucker" on it.

And in Billy Dee's hand? A can of Colt 45.

"There are two rules to remember if you want to have a good time," he coos. "Rule No. 1: never run out of Colt 45. Rule No. 2: never forget rule…number…one."

Allow me to introduce Rule No. 3—never underestimate the impact of the celebrity endorsement. From the moment I saw that commercial, I never have.

These days, lots of famous actors are involved with the booze business. Kurt Russell, Sam Neill, and Drew Barrymore are among the many thesps who own wine brands. *Justified* and *Vice Principals* star Walton Goggins is pushing gin, vodka, and whiskey. Hell, even George Clooney took time out of his being-the-smoothest-dude-in-Hollywood schedule to get his drink on with Casamigos Tequila.

Now, I haven't tasted every actor-endorsed booze brand on the market, but I've tried enough to put together a decent report card on whether these guys are Billy Dees or wannabes.

> Mila Kunis for Jim Beam

Eons from now when alien life forms sift through the rubble that was once the habitat for humanity, they'll discover evidence of an exquisitely pulchritudinous being enraptured by the splendor of a shimmering, amber-gold elixir. And perchance those aliens will stop for a moment and think, *Hmm, it's possible earthlings weren't the total fuck-ups they seemed to be after all.* Perchance.

Rating: Billy Dee squared

> Matthew McConaughey for Wild Turkey

When you see Academy Award-winner Matthew McConaughey shilling on TV, you probably first think of those bizarro Lincoln spots he's been doing the past few years. Then you remember Jim Carrey's uproarious send-up of those spots on *Saturday Night Live*. Well, all right, all right, all right, look who went and doubled down as the pitchman for one of America's most iconic whiskey brands...in full off-the-wall fashion, no less. Your move, Jim Carrey.

Rating: Half a Billy Dee

> Justin Timberlake for 901 Tequila

This tequila is named for the area code of Timberlake's hometown of Memphis, where agave doesn't grow and tequila cannot be legally produced. Personally, I think they dropped the ball on the brand name. I mean, Dick in a Box Tequila seems like a no-brainer, doesn't it? Then again, 901 is still a much better idea than Lance Bass's Mississippi Champagne, which shockingly never got off the ground.

Rating: Billy Dee wannabe

> Dan Aykroyd for Crystal Head Vodka

It's distilled four times before being filtered through charcoal and Herkimer crystals, which New Age disciple Aykroyd believes releases energy blockages in the body. Now, I'm not sure about all that, but I can tell you that after four or five delicious Crystal Head Vodka and tonics, you're sure to release one hell of an energy stream.

Rating: Full Billy Dee

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / DIMITRIOS KAMBOURIS

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PENTHOUSE.COM

GAMING

AUTHORITAH FIGURES
SOUTH PARK: THE FRACTURED BUT WHOLE

Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

A game about a racist superhero named The Coon and his team of potty-mouth misfits would never fly unless it crawled from the gutterbrains of Trey Parker and Matt Stone, the duo behind the adult kid's cartoon *South Park* (among other pointed satire). Twenty seasons of *South Park*'s offend-everyone social commentary, Kenny assassinations, and Cartman's big-boneheaded shenanigans have built a universe that spawned inevitable videogames, most of them better than your typical licensed turds (see below)—thanks to Parker and Stone's participation. Their seminal work was *South Park: The Stick of Truth,* a best-selling role-playing adventure that was also the funniest game of 2014. This sequel, *The Fractured But Whole,* goes deeper and longer with the role-playing concept.

Once again, players slip into the crudely animated sneakers of the New Kid (aka "Douchebag"), a preteen transplant to the South Park community who must prove himself/herself/itself (gender neutrality is a theme) as a worthy friend to Cartman, Stan, Kyle, Kenny, et al. Bored with imaginary medieval times, the boys don the superhero personas of Coon and Friends, an Avengers-flavored team led by Cartman bent on building the ultimate superhero franchise. Naturally, Cartman's heavy-handed leadership style and boundless narcissism create a schism between the kids, who face off in a civil war. Your character must choose a class—from Flash-style speedsters to X-Manly mutants—and make this fractured team whole again using fart-based powers. Combat goes deep as you array your heroes on the battlefield and unleash attacks that are both bizarrely cool (Kyle the Human Kite can nuke the battlefield from orbit) and hilarious (you can rewind events with farts that rip a hole in the time-space continuum). Series diehards will uncover endless fan service, lapsed *South Park* fans will reconnect with the characters during the epic storyline, and everyone will find something that offends them.

LICENSED GARBAGE: THE SHITTIEST GAMES BASED ON HOT PROPERTIES

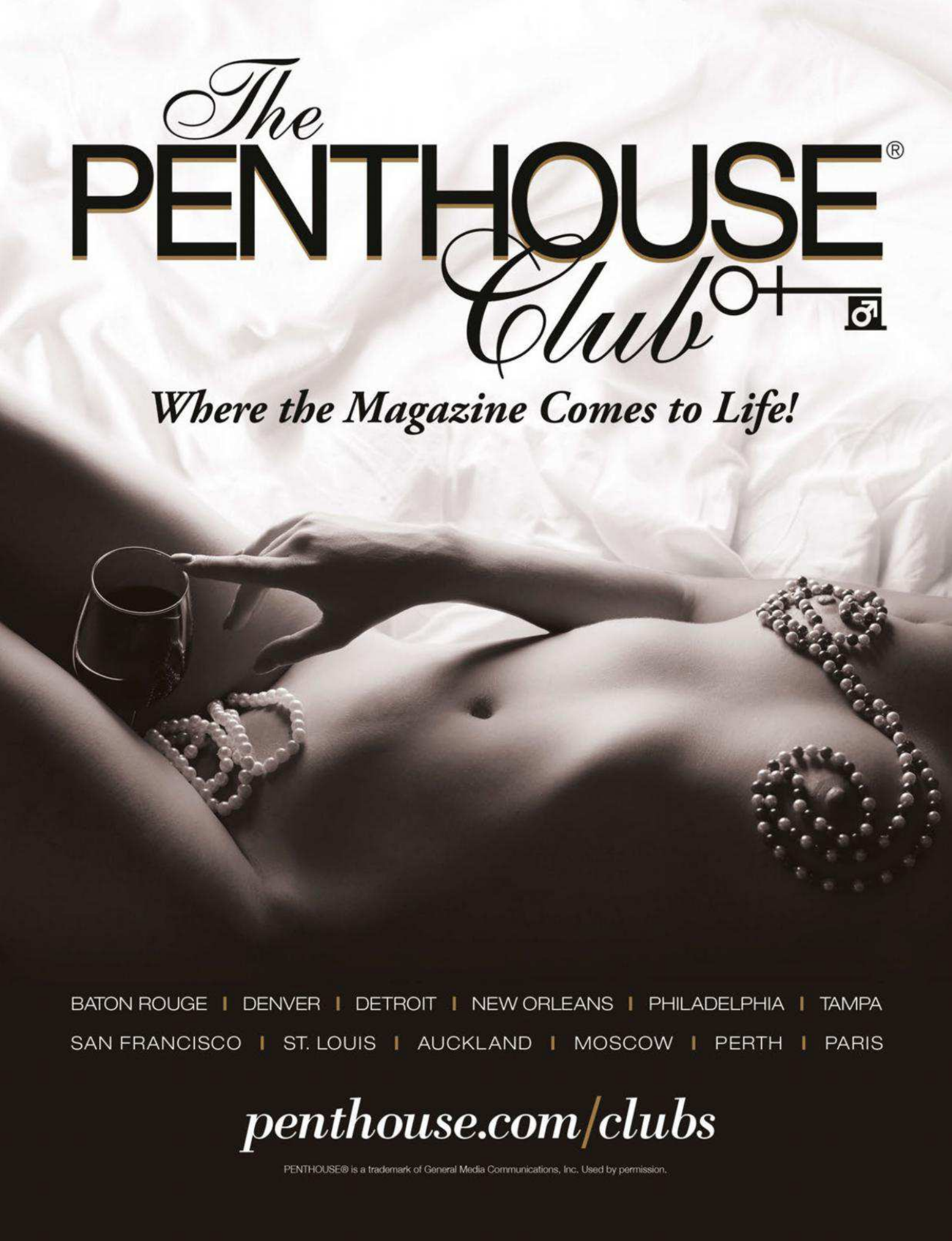
WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP
(Atari Jaguar, 1995)
What kid growing up in the 1990s didn't want to play the videogame adaptation of Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipe's blockbuster about basketball gambling? *White Men Can't Jump* sucked the fun out of videogame basketball with its horrendous control and insane on-screen commentary that flashed such Pulitzer-worthy catchphrases as, "That had to hurt!"

STREET FIGHTER: THE MOVIE
(Arcade, PlayStation, 1995)
This game based on a movie based on a game represented the most blatant cash grab in the history of licensed anything. Actors poorly digitized from the movie replaced the beloved pixilated artwork from the hit *Street Fighter* series, while combat felt mushy and rushed. This is still the best game ever made starring both Jean-Claude Van Damme and the late Raul Julia.

SUPERMAN 64
(Nintendo 64, 1999)
Even non-comic nerds know about the Man of Steel's strength, heat-vision, and ability to see through yoga pants, but this infamously awful game scrapped all those powers and forced players to fly Superman through thousands of hoops suspended in a green Kryptonite fog, an obvious programming trick to hide a Metropolis built from, like, 11 polygons, max.

LAST ALERT
(TurboGrafx-CD, 1989)
Combining the best worst things about late-eighties games—such as the bad "Engrish" of meme-spawning shooter *Zero Wing* and the bottomless storage capacity of CD-ROMS—*Last Alert* delivered hours of corny dialog ("You can't hire my feelings," says the hero) delivered by actors taking the "more is more" approach. Search online for "Last Alert + voice acting."

IMAGES: GAMESPRESS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PETS IN SPACE

AS IT TURNS OUT, THE LAST WOMAN TO GO TO THE MOON WAS OUR OCTOBER 1971 CENTERFOLD.

EVEN the most significant events in history have their moments of levity. We here at *Penthouse* are proud to have played a small part in at least one of these moments.

This past January, astronaut Gene Cernan, commanding officer of the *Apollo 17* mission, passed away at age 82. On April 20, RR Auction in Boston is selling some of his prized memorabilia in its Space and Aviation Auction, including Cernan's *Apollo 17* flight plan and the map he used while driving one of the famous lunar rovers. Also up for grabs is the centerfold from our October 1971 issue, featuring Penthouse Pet Helen Caunt (not a typo), who accompanied Cernan and his crew to the moon and back (not a euphemism).

For those of you who weren't alive yet, *Apollo 17* was the final mission of NASA's Apollo program, which landed the first humans on the moon. The spacecraft launched on December 7, 1972, with a crew of three: commander Eugene Cernan, command module pilot Ronald Evans, and lunar module pilot Harrison Schmitt. Three days later, Cernan and Schmitt took the lunar module to the moon's surface, completing three moonwalks, driving the rover, and conducting experiments; Evans remained in lunar orbit in the command module.

Helen Caunt, the butt-naked stowaway, was likely discovered early on in *17*'s mission, or as soon as Cernan consulted the mission's flight plan, where the centerfold page had been hidden pre-launch. It was a dirty (although certainly not unappreciated) bit of payback for a prank Cernan helped pull off during the *Apollo 14* mission, on which he was part of the backup crew.

Shortly after *14* launched on January 31, 1971, the three-man crew was surprised to find multiple jumpsuit patches (designed specifically for the backup crew; this was the only Apollo mission to have these) stashed throughout the spacecraft. "They put the goddamn things all over. . .and whenever we opened up something, there would be one of them," lunar module pilot Ed Mitchell is quoted as saying in the mission journal.

The stowaway patches showed the Warner Bros. Road Runner (representing the unsung backup crew) standing on the moon as the grey-bearded Wile E. Coyote (representing commander Alan Shepard) arrives, with "BEEP BEEP" embroidered across the top. Apparently there were so many patches that Shepard contacted Mission Control with the message: "Tell Cernan, BEEP BEEP your ass!"

Almost two years later, the *Apollo 14* astronauts exacted their revenge when Stuart Roosa, command module pilot on *14* and now part of the *17* backup crew, snuck the October '71 centerfold—a soft-focus shot of Caunt with a flower in her mouth (it was the early seventies, after all) and a "BEEP, BEEP Yuras!" sticker on her tan-lined naughty bits—into the mission's flight plan.

Though we're loathe to admit that our Pet wasn't the first woman to fly to the moon—this title belongs to Playboy Playmate DeDe Lind, whose photo was planted on the *Apollo 12* in 1969—she's most certainly the last (at least for now). Lind's photo was auctioned off in 2011, selling for more than $21,000. RR Auction executive vice president Bobby Livingston hopes that Caunt's photo will sell for just as much, if not more.

"These were badass guys, and they understood the historical significance of what they were doing," says Livingston. "Cernan had a lot of personal artifacts that he took home from the mission. The centerfold is one of those things that really humanizes him and defines that boys' club period and really captures the rock-n-roll moment of NASA and Apollo."

Likely knowing it would one day be up for auction, Cernan signed Caunt's photo in black felt-tip pen: "Flown to the moon on *Apollo XVII,* CRD Gene Cernan." It's listed in the auction catalog as being in "very good condition with expected light overall creasing" and is accompanied by a certificate of authenticity, which reads in part: "I have kept this *Penthouse* centerfold as a memento of my *Apollo 17* [mission] to the Moon after NASA returned to me in 1973…. [It] represents one [of] the rarest and more 'interesting' Apollo artifacts…and was an example of the culture and camaraderie exhibited by [the] astronaut corps of the 1960's."

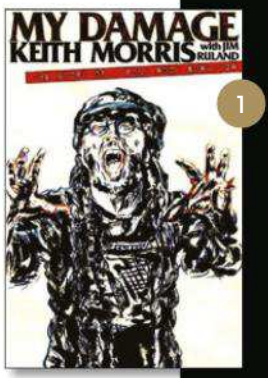
Even among astronauts, it seems boys will always be boys. Bob Guccione would have been so proud.

SUEDE WHERE YOU NEED IT

BOOKS

ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie



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1 / *My Damage*
By Keith Morris (with Jim Ruland)
Da Capo Press

"IN the early 80s, when my dumb little buddies and I got into punk rock, we had to take the bus to Tower Records in Mountain View because there was no internet, no YouTube, and no social media like there is today. The only place to learn about what was going on was in 'zines like *Flipside* and *Maximumrocknroll,* and so the three of us pooled our money and traveled to Tower where we bought four 7-inch records by The Faction, JFA, Dead Kennedys, and Black Flag. Those were our first punk rock records and we would listen to them over and over because the four records combined probably added up to a total of about nine minutes of music, and we'd play them so loud that the cops would come and they'd tell us to shut up and we'd be like, No, you shut up, and we're not going to clean our rooms either, so screw you, you fuckin' jerks!"

That's my impersonation of the book's author, Keith Morris, an old punker whining about the good ol' days of punk rock.

I'm just teasing. The whole book's not really like that. Just some of it:

"Today there's a blueprint: first you form a band, then you lay down some tracks, then you get the word out on social media. There was none of that back then. There wasn't a punk rock manual like there is today." *–Keith Morris on how the present sucks and the past ruled*

"That was how we did things: we'd roll a flaming dumpster down a hill into traffic without a second thought about the consequences. We could be real assholes." *–Keith Morris on how gnarly everybody in the past was*

"The seeds of Black Flag were planted at a Journey concert. That's right: the seminal American hardcore punk rock band got its start at an arena rock concert at the Santa Monica Civic in Los Angeles." *–Keith Morris, cofounder of Black Flag, the seminal American hardcore punk rock band, on how Black Flag got its start*

That last one bothered me. Seminal. My guess is that the author forgot to separate his rock journalism from his memoir? While Black Flag's legendary status is unquestionable, it's an unusually confident way to describe one's own band. Even more criminal, in my opinion, is that the whole "seminal" business is unnecessary to begin with. The irony is plainly evident: It's weird that Black Flag was born at a Journey concert. Got it. There's no need for the conceited addition of "seminal American hardcore punk rock band."

Then again, maybe Keith Morris really talks about himself and his past projects in those terms? I wouldn't be surprised, because all the skaters that come from that same generation–Alva, Duane, Jay (RIP), Salba, etc.–those dudes are not the least bit ashamed to brag about their accomplishments and how much gnarlier everything was way back when. Their hubris is strangely endearing. I've even asked them about it on occasion–"Da fuck is wrong with you guys?"–and the response has always been (to quote Keith above), "That was how we did things." Which is just a polite way of saying, "Never mind. Forget it. You wouldn't understand anyway." (Hail Flipper!)

Thank you, Keith Morris, for your service.

2 / *Light Boxes*
By Shane Jones
Penguin Books

I came across *Light Boxes* while researching fairy tales or some such nonsense. Because that's what *Light Boxes* is: a modern fairy tale.

A small village is stuck in February. The month has lasted for hundreds of days. Depressed villagers have been enduring what seems like eternal winter. (If they listened to black metal, they would have embraced the bleakness, worshipped the darkness.) The story turns when you learn there's a pissed-off sky god also called February. After he bans all flying things, including balloons and kites, he starts abducting children. The villagers declare war. On February.

Light Boxes revolves around one of the war effort's leading figures, a man named Thaddeus, along with his wife and daughter, Bianca, who is kidnapped by February. There's also a group of balloonists who wear colorful bird masks and call themselves "The Solution." Villagers cobble together strange machines to defeat February. They make "weather-changing poles"–long poles that stir the clouds. A man sends his bees into the clouds hoping their stings will convince February to allow the sun to shine. They try to melt the snow with "hot water attacks." Some even go around with light boxes secured to their heads. Meanwhile, the kidnapped children live in a maze of underground tunnels lit by lanterns.

It's a delightful tale. Apparently Spike Jonze enjoyed *Light Boxes* even more than I did because he bought the film rights to it. When I heard that, I went, "Oh yeah. This is totally a movie."

SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true? Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

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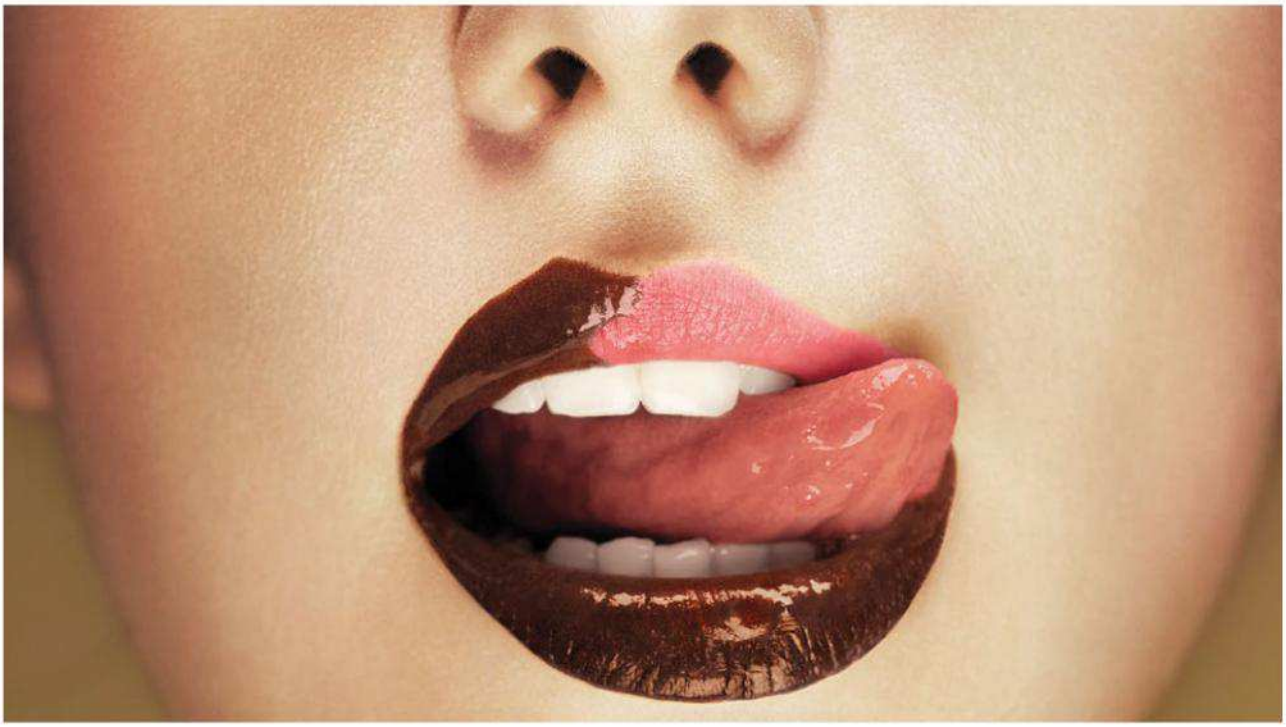


ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Surenda Oral Vibrator $43

Not to suck my own dick, but I make the best, most addictive chocolate chip cookies known to man. I will admit there was a time when I made extremely boring, uninspired cookies using the recipe on the chip bag. Then one day my son broke it to me, sounding a lot like Larry David: "Can't you put anything else in these cookies? It's just chocolate chips and there aren't even that many. Some of these cookies only have two or three chips. What's the deal with that?" Nothing like a four-year-old telling you that you're phoning it in to light a fire under your ass, I suppose.

Since the Boy was my target demographic, I deferred to his expertise. "What do you suggest? How can I do better?" He advised that I add both chocolate chunks and dark chocolate chips to insure each cookie had a wide variety of chocolate. So, I listened and my cookies perked up. Still, the Boy was not happy so he suggested almonds and walnuts. I added the nuts and suddenly the compliments began to roll in…from everyone but the Boy.

"Can we add M&M'S and Reese's Pieces?" he asked.

"There are no rules," I said. "We can do whatever we like."

"Then add a Hershey's Kiss in the middle of each one, too," he demanded.

And I did. Three types of chips, two kinds of nuts, M&M'S, Reese's Pieces, a Hershey's Kiss in the middle, and a bit of batter to hold it all together like duct tape, and there you have a child's wet-dream cookie concoction. There is so much sugar

1

TOP PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / AVDEENKO; PRODUCT PHOTOS COURTESY OF NASSTOYS / SKWERT

in a single bite that your heart will go from zero to 80 mph faster than any coffee or cocaine high.

Like chocolate chip cookies (and America), blowjobs have always been great. I think we can all agree that even the worst, toothy, brace-faced BJ is better than jerking off. But, like bland cookies and America (with its ugly history of genocide, slavery, and *The Jersey Shore*), there is always room for improvement in the world of oral sex.

In my 40 years on Jah's green earth, I have been fortunate enough to have experienced the best of shines and the worst of shines, and I'm a firm believer that you most certainly can teach old dogs new ways to suck a bone. The blowjay my wife administers now, after 11 years of marriage, is far superior to the one I so enjoyed 16 years ago when we first met. I was just telling someone recently, my in-laws I think it was, that I do believe their daughter has mastered the art of the BJ.

I stood firm in my belief that no instructional class or book could possibly further titivate the gift of her two lips. Then the Surenda Oral Vibrator arrived, and I had to rethink everything I ever knew and loved about fellatio after just one use.

The experience of having a high-powered vibrator hooked to the side of my wife's mouth, making direct contact with my dick while causing her to drool uncontrollably, was such a new and wonderful experience that midway I removed myself, cupped my wife's chin, and brought her face up to meet mine. I looked her dead in the eyes and whispered, "Before we go any further…I feel like…I should introduce myself. My name is Chris."

In the past 16 years, my wife has given me roughly two blowjobs a week, times 52 weeks, averaging out to 104 blowjobs a year for 16 years, for a lowball estimate of 1,664 blowjobs in our relationship. Needless to say, I know the inside of her mouth better than her dental hygienist, and yet getting head with the Surenda Oral Vibe in play was like having a new wife who revealed her secret identity as a sexual superhero with the uncanny ability to render mortal men powerless in mere minutes with her super sucking skills.

Thankfully, the Surenda Oral Vibe is no Thor's Hammer and can be wielded by anyone with a mouth. The Mrs. now insists that I wear one whenever I go down on her. My advice: Buy two so you're both always geared up for peak performance.

Rating: 11 nasstoys.com

2 / Skwert $25

Why is it that, as a society, we will accept and even laugh when an infant or child intentionally poops all over us, but we scoff at the accidental presence of even the slightest bit of fecal matter between lovers in the throes of anal sex? Is it not obvious that even a moment of butt sex is far more pleasurable and rewarding than 18 years of parenting? Why the hall pass for a loved one that contributes nothing to the world and not for another who is willing to give themselves to you completely? At what age does shit cease to be cute and tolerable? Asking for a friend….

Actually, I'm not. As a father of two with nearly eight years of experience, I can say that I'm officially over my kids having "accidents" on me. I can remember no less than a dozen times that my kids pooped on my leg, on my hand, and once even sprayed a glorious poocano on my face and shirt while I attempted to change a diaper while said child battled a stomach virus. I'm praying to Sterquilinus, the God of Feces, that my most recent instance, in which I had to barehand a massive log as it exited my youngest boy in my in-laws' kitchen, was my last dose of daddy doo-doo duty.

My wife on the other hand? She can defecate all over my wang all she wants if it means I could be her Backdoor Man. Sadly, poop during sex is frowned upon in most places not named Germany, and tends to be cause for mates pulling the e-brake at even the airborne hint of it. I suppose it's that stigma that led to the creation and demand for the award-winning Skwert Water Bottle Douche Adapter Kit. Thanks to this travel-size miracle of modern technology, no longer must butt players pack countless enemas when going on sexcation fuckfests. The handy dandy no-leak screw design fits on water bottles and shower hoses of any size, making "going clear" as easy for anal acrobats as it is for Scientologists.

Warning: The Skwert's deep cleaning is highly addictive. Esteemed porn star/*Penthouse* photographer/anal aficionado Kimberly Kane testifies that, "Skwert makes you feel lighter and clean both inside and out. You also get a euphoric feeling the deeper you go." Which doesn't sound like a bad thing until your water bill arrives and you realize your partner has been in the shower for three days….

Rating: 10 skwert.com

PET OF THE YEAR

A big congratulations to Jenna Sativa, our April 2016 Pet of the Month, and now our 2017 Pet of the Year! And while the competition was fierce, Jenna stood out as the clear favorite. A lock...and key...and cuffs...and rope. Yes, Jenna has some interesting preferences when behind closed doors. But you gotta admit, this exotic Cuban/Brazilian beauty is pretty in kink.

Photography: Tammy Sands
Rope Artist: Damon Pierce

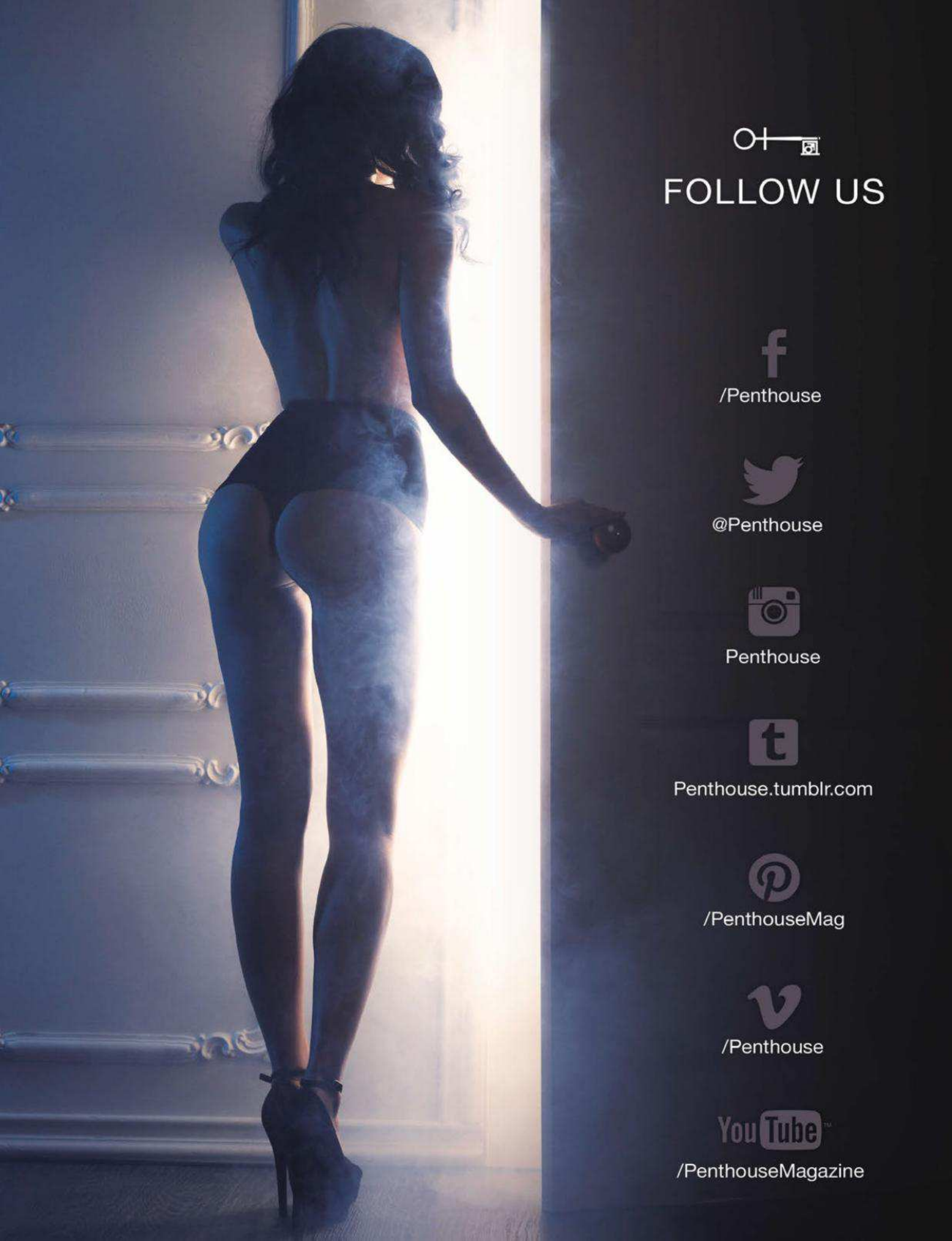
"I DEFINITELY GOT A LOT WILDER ONCE I TURNED 18."

"GETTING EATEN OUT IS MY FAVORITE."

"MY BIGGEST TURN-ON IS YOUR MOUTH. SOFT LIPS AND A SWEET SMILE IS MY WEAKNESS."

Naughty Pet

SEE MORE OF JENNA AT PENTHOUSE.COM



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VOICE OF REASON

IS THERE A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO MASTURBATE?

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

THE late Justice Antonin Scalia, whose influence can still be felt throughout the American judiciary, once mocked the idea that the Constitution protects the right of adults to masturbate in private. In a dissent from a Supreme Court decision declaring that private consensual homosexual conduct is constitutionally protected, he paraded out the horrible consequences that would inevitably flow from this libertarian ruling: the striking down of "state laws against bigamy, same-sex marriage, adult incest, prostitution, masturbation, adultery fornication, bestiality and obscenity…."

What legitimate interest would any state have in criminalizing masturbation—or for that matter fornication or adultery between or among consenting adults? The fact remains, however, that these private acts were included in the penal (no pun intended) codes of many American states and still survive in some. They are rarely enforced, except in the context of divorce or child custody cases in which one spouse accuses the other of such "immoral" conduct.

THE CONSTITUTION SHOULD PROTECT ANY AUTONOMOUS ACT THAT HURTS NO ONE BUT THE ACTOR.

But for the late Justice Scalia and some of his judicial followers, the state has a perfect right to impose the morality of the majority (whatever that might be) on the minority. So if the legislature, presumably reflecting the will of the majority, decides that private masturbation is a moral *sin* (called *onanism,* based on the biblical figure Onan, who "spilled his seed on the ground"), the Constitution, under this view, would not prohibit making it a moral *crime*. Nor would the First Amendment's prohibition against establishing religion interfere, because moral views derived from the Bible are the basis for many secular laws, included those prohibiting murder and theft.

Nor was Justice Scalia alone in expressing this view. He was joined in his dissent by the then–Chief Justice William Rehnquist and current Justice Clarence Thomas. Moreover, President Trump's nominee to the high court, Neil Gorsuch, cited Scalia's masturbation language in a book he wrote denying that a person dying from a painful illness had a constitutional right to end his life with dignity. So Gorsuch, too, seems to believe that conduct that harms no one but the actor, but that society deems immoral, may constitutionally be criminalized.

For some of the judges and justices who would deny individuals the right to act on their own sense of morality, there is one striking exception: If their morality is based on a *religious* obligation, then the First Amendment's "free exercise of religion" clause precludes the state from criminalizing it.

But the Supreme Court had previously held, in the context of conscientious objection to war, that there is no constitutionally valid distinction between a moral view that derives from religion and one that derives from secular philosophy, as long as they are both strongly and conscientiously held. That is the correct view. The First Amendment prohibits preferring religion over non-religion or one religion over another. If two people are dying of a painful illness, and each one wants to end their life with dignity, but one of them has a religious basis for making that decision while the other one has a secular philosophical basis for the decision, there should be no constitutional difference between the two.

The Constitution should protect any autonomous act that hurts no one but the actor. As the old saying goes: My right to swing my fist ends at the tip of your nose. That is why there should be a right to inhale cigarettes, but no constitutional right to exhale them in a crowded theater.

Applying these principles to sexual autonomy, there surely should be a right to masturbate and fornicate, just as there is a right of consenting adults to private homosexual conduct. Even Justice Scalia seemed to believe that if the Supreme Court struck down the prohibition against homosexual conduct, it would follow that it should strike down other prohibitions against "moral" conduct—such as masturbation and fornication—that hurts no one other than the actor. The right to commit adultery might be a bit more complicated, because it may hurt the other spouse (unless the marriage is an open one by agreement).

True conservatives should want to keep the state out of our bedrooms, our bathrooms, and other private areas where sexuality is practiced. But neither Scalia nor Gorsuch seem to be true conservatives. They are statists who allocate to the state the power to impose the majority morality on the minority. That is not good policy. Nor is it good constitutionality. The right to personal autonomy—sexual or otherwise—should be recognized by all who care about liberty.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / ALESSANDRO COLLE

NO FILTER

Quite possibly the perfect package, May Pet of the Month Charlotte Stokely is no stranger to self-inflicted awkward situations. She's super hot, loves watching football, and is the queen of inappropriate sexual innuendo. She also received a full academic scholarship to a Florida university when she was 15 years old, participates in a weekly Dungeons & Dragons campaign, and is funny as shit. Did we mention she's super hot?

Photography: TommyO

"I'M FREQUENTLY RECOGNIZED BY FOOD-DELIVERY BOYS. SOMETIMES I'M NAKED WHEN I ANSWER THE DOOR."

Carly
Carly

"IF I WANT
TO HAVE
SEX WITH
A STRANGER,
I WILL.
SIMPLE."

"LICK MY TOES TO GET ME TURNED-ON. IT'S A VERY EROGENOUS ZONE… PLUS, I HAVE CUTE FEET."

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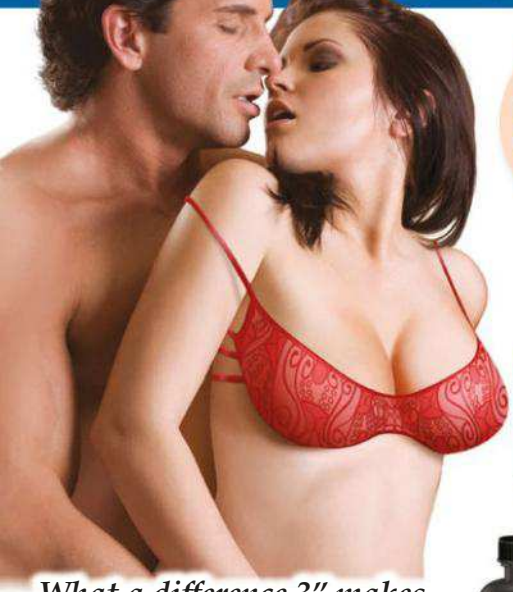

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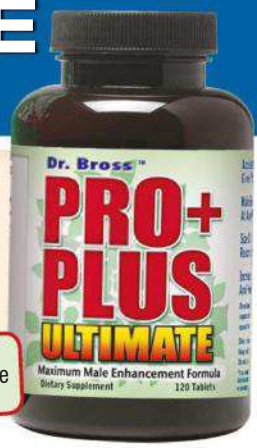

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⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

PENTHOUSE
CHARLOTTE STOKELY MAY 2017 PET OF THE MONTH

Vital Stats:
34-25-36
5'4"
30 years old

Hometown: Salt Lake City

The queen of inappropriate sexual innuendo? Really?
(*Laughs*) I don't have a filter, and I like wordplay and puns.

You know this is where you give us an example, right?
I'm in the elevator at a nice restaurant in Santa Monica, me and this stodgy couple who were talking about the Chinese New Year. I couldn't help it. I just blurted out, "Yeah, Year of the Fire Cock." They just stared.

And how has the Year of the Fire Cock been treating you?
It's good. I was nominated for six different awards by XBIZ and AVN. Exciting.

That is exciting. How did you get started in the adult industry?
My friend was fucking a male performer. When I met him, he asked me. I said no, but by the third time he asked, I agreed.

So that's the trick? Just ask you three times and poof?
Once I got to know him it was cool. It was something I always wanted to do.

What was it like?
My first experience was interesting. I had an office job—my own desk and everything. I did it on my lunch break. I showed up, got fucked, and was paid in cash. I got back to the office an hour late—snuck back to my desk unshowered and covered in come. No one noticed. A week later, the movie came out and everyone knew.

What's your favorite sexual position?
At the moment, it's me on my back with my ankles at my partner's neck while he's licking my toes and penetrating me.

That's the surefire way to make you come?
It's easier for me to come on my back. If it's all going right, I get insanely wet. Huge wet spot in the bed. Then we fight over who has to sleep on it. Not me.

Do you squirt, or just get really wet?
I can squirt, but it happens when I'm making love, not getting fucked. One time I squirted three feet. It flew across the bed and landed on the guy-I-was-dating's guitar. He was like, "Whoa." Squirting is real.

SEE MORE OF CHARLOTTE AT PENTHOUSE.COM

Welcome to
Detroit
We hope you survive
Founded 1701

THE EVOLUTION OF A HIT MAN

BY SETH FERRANTI

IN their fight to dominate Detroit's cocaine trade a quarter-plus century ago, the lethal Best Friends gang not only terrorized their community but went to war against rival drug dealers, too. Law enforcement officials said that the gang murdered as many as 80 people in the late eighties to early nineties, resulting in comparisons to Murder Inc., the legendary Prohibition-era mafioso death squad. In the chaos of the crack frenzy that gripped inner-city Detroit, the Best Friends were recognized as stone-cold killers who took what they wanted and murdered anyone who got in their way.

The crew–led by brothers Reginald "Rocking Reggie," Terrance "Boogaloo," Gregory "Ghost," and Ezra "Wizard" Brown–started out as enforcers and contract killers. But it didn't take long for them to flip the script and start knocking off the drug dealers they were protecting, thereby assuming control of their business operations and morphing into drug traffickers themselves. Nate "Boone" Craft, who confessed to 30 murders, was the Best Friends' No. 1 head hitter and was as feared as he was deadly. Boone came up hard on the city's east side, learning to fight and fend for himself at an early age, before embarking on a career as one of the black underworld's elite hit men.

"Going from nine turning onto ten, me and my friends, we was more of fighters in the neighborhood," Boone tells *Penthouse*. "Everybody knew us, and they knew that, well, if you messed with Little Boone he's gonna come at you with something. He don't come with his fists. He's gonna come at you with a knife or a gun."

Growing up on Continental between Jefferson and Freud, Boone met Charlie, the man that started him in his life of crime at a young age. A mentor of sorts, Charlie gave Boone packs of heroin to sell. Boone was happy with the two dollars he made off each pack, but he found that his true calling was in the enforcement field. Busting heads was just what Boone did naturally, and even at a young age, he wasn't averse to doing the dirty work that others shied away from.

"At nine and ten we were small, but we was very rough," Boone says menacingly. "Everybody knew it. They still even talk about it today. They'd say, 'Yeah, man, I remember you back when you were a young dog.' Yeah, okay, we were there–you want a lollipop? You knew me–that don't mean that you truly 'know' me."

Boone ended up locked down in a boys home as a teen, where it became a daily ritual to prove himself. Survival of the fittest was the M.O. in juvenile hall and Boone found himself in conflict with others from the jump. He was smaller than most of the boys, but that would soon change. In time Boone would become a giant of a man, and he used his years inside to learn what he could about criminality from any teen who could teach him something. He established a reputation as someone who wasn't afraid to do what was needed, under any circumstances–a reputation he kept when he got out.

Boone says of the legend he gained, "'He's not scared of stabbing a person or shooting a person. He ain't afraid. He never say anything after he do it. He tried to catch you by yourself, so there won't be no witnesses.' That's the reputation I earned in the boys home." He continues, "I don't need nobody telling on me or watching me do it. Then they got something over my head to blackmail me. That's what I learned inside."

When Boone was released after five years, the drug game in the city of Detroit was on fire. It was the mid-eighties and the crack epidemic was raging in inner-city communities across the country. Trafficking organizations with colorful names like Young Boys Incorporated (YBI), Pony Down, the Chambers Brothers, and the Curry Brothers ruled the streets, and dealers like Maserati Rick, D. Holloway, White Boy Rick, and Big Ed moved weight. Flashy drug dealers, who cruised around the inner city–the epitome of hood royalty, pushing luxury vehicles like BMWs, Mercedes, and Maseratis–were the talk of the town. Rocking brand-name clothes, dimes on

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / BLOOMBERG

their arm, cash in their pockets, and armed to the teeth, they took capitalism and gave it an edge sharp as an obsidian knife.

"When I came home from prison, I had all that tension and anger in me, so I went and fought in a tough-man contest," Boone remembers. "Boogaloo, Reg, and all them saw me fight. Maserati Rick came. After the fight, Reg said [he wanted] to talk some business. He told me there's money to be made. He gave me five hundred. 'Let's talk privately, just me and you,' Reg said. 'If we gave you ten thousand more will you kill a motherfucker?'"

Boone was looking for a gig and didn't have any qualms about whacking someone for money. If a person was in the drug business or criminal underworld, then they had it coming in Boone's mind. Justifiable homicide. There was no honor among thieves in the crack era. It was a vicious landscape of betrayals, double crosses, and duplicity. "Snitches get stitches" was the street code, but other than that it was anything goes, and Best Friends were in the thick of the drama.

"I didn't know Reg had so many enemies," Boone says. "I told them to give me a hit list, let me know, and don't worry about it. When you see that they done disappeared then you know I was on my job, but I don't need you to be there watching me do it. I don't even want anybody to ride with me."

Boone's approach to taking contracts was similar to Jean Reno's in *The Professional*. He was singular and focused. Clean and precise. But he discovered that his new partners were like gunslingers in the Old West. Best Friends took the Scarface mentality to heart.

"Scowling and brutish, Best Friends cut imposing figures, all standing at least six-foot-two and weighing over 230 pounds," writes Scott Bernstein in his 2013 book *The Detroit True Crime Chronicles.* Bernstein goes on to point out that if "predecessors like YBI and Pony Down murdered in the name of profit and greed, the Best Friends did it for pure fun. They were burly and intimidating and took pleasure in hurting people."

THE HOMICIDE DETECTIVE PUT MONEY ON PEOPLE'S HEADS, APPROVED HIT LISTS, ARRANGED PROTECTION FOR DEALERS, AND MADE CASES DISAPPEAR.

Best Friends didn't have a problem popping off in shopping centers, at a car wash, or in the middle of the street during the day. Boone tried to teach them a better way to resolve their beef, but old habits die hard. Boone knew death was always around the corner, and being that survival was his main objective, he knew it was only a matter of time before a bullet caught him in the head.

"Most of the time when I rode with them, I didn't know if they were going to do anything or not. They'd pull up and everybody is jumping out. Them fools done took me on a shoot-out, what they called a drive-by, but these niggas don't drive by, they jump out and chase the people," Boone says. "Instead of shooting the fool from the car, they'll jump out and run over there—*blam, blam, blam, blam*—they'd hit him or anybody else. That's why I told 'em, 'You all accidentally shooting people that ain't got nothing to do with it, or you're shooting people that you all shouldn't be shooting at. The person that you want is that person. I can show you how to get that person without interfering with no one else. You get them from a distance or up close.'"

With Best Friends taking on all comers, knocking rival dealers off, robbing and killing their connects, and taking contracts on anyone, Detroit's underworld became pure pandemonium. In the chaos, two of the Brown brothers, Ghost and Ezra, got murdered. With bullets flying from so many different directions, Best Friends didn't know who was gunning for them, so they just put everybody in Detroit's drug game on the hit list and Boone was happy to oblige. If somebody had money on their head, then Boone was coming for them. He was a straight contract killer, and money talked.

"At first we all wanted money. Then it turned into power. They wanted to knock off all the other drug dealers so they could take over their territory. They wanted to knock off as many as they could," Boone says. "But the word was out, and a bunch of rival dealers had a meeting about taking out Best Friends. That's when they went after [Ghost and Ezra]. After that, we started going after the Curry Boys, White Boy Rick, and the Chambers Brothers. They started putting people on the list, talking about these are all the other people we need to knock off."

DEA agent-turned-federal prosecutor E. James King said this of Best Friends: "If their goal was to take somebody out, they'd kill everybody and anybody around. Their reign of terror put the entire community—criminals and innocent people alike—in constant fear." Despite Boone pushing for greater discipline, there were times when Best Friends would pull up in cars in broad daylight and let loose with an Uzi, bringing *Grand Theft Auto*-style mayhem to the Motor City.

"Three days out of the week we'd go riding, spot people, follow them to where they're going and try to find out what they do, how many times they do it, or where their house is at, where their safe house is, where they park their car, or where they lay their head," Boone recalls. "Once we find out that info, then we'll go there again and do basically the same thing. The third time, that's their ass. They do it a third time, we're at that spot waiting on them."

With all the murders, Rocking Reg kept catching cases. He did his work out in the open and had complete confidence that Boone would take care of any witnesses that dared to take the stand against him. When Reg went to prison, Boogaloo was in charge. One time Boone and Boogaloo got into a dispute. Boone choked him and told him he'd cut him into little pieces in the bathtub and flush him down the toilet. But it never came to that. Boone talked to Reg, and out of respect for him, he let it lie.

There was a lot of money for everyone. Even though Rocking Reg was locked up, Best Friends was knee-deep in the drug game, making millions off cocaine. Boogaloo kept his circles small and his associates close. But with the feds closing in and his dislike for Boogaloo intensifying, Boone was making a plan to get out. He knew other drug barons like D. Holloway were scheming to make Best Friends obsolete.

"D. Holloway didn't want no dealings with Best Friends even though he knew us," Boone says. "But behind our backs, he talked about us and told Maserati Rick, 'What the fuck you with those fools for, man? Those fools are gonna fuck around and try to take everybody down—they doing crazy shit.'" Best Friends eventually had Maserati Rick shot, and when he didn't die, they paid a visit to his hospital room and finished the job. D. Holloway was eventually murdered while shopping at one of his favorite stores for designer socks. Gunned down in a public place in broad daylight—with $17,000 cash and a gun in his pockets.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / ROLLS PRESS/POPPERFOTO

Grosse Pointe
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Some real old school Detroit shit.

"We had the money-count machine sitting there in my house. Boogaloo brought a van, and we unloaded it all in my house while he was sitting there running the money through the machine. When he got to $1.6 mil he said, 'Okay, bag it up.' He got to meet up with the Colombian and get more shit. I was like, damn," Boone says. "I want to know if I shoot all these niggas, would anybody miss 'em, cause money was power to me and I knew that they would do it to somebody else anyway. He bagged it up in duffle bags and bounced. I think after that, he got kind of nervous of me. I think he might have peeked a move on how I was looking at him."

Despite his own scheming, Boone stayed above the fray and kept tabs on what was going on through law enforcement's go-to guy for drug dealers, corrupt homicide detective Gil Hill. A major figure in Detroit's criminal underworld as well as on the political front, Hill not only appeared in Eddie Murphy's *Beverly Hills Cop* movies, he also effectively called the shots in the city's drug game—with a cadre of corrupt cops, and allegedly reporting straight to the mayor.

"If you made our list, you was going to be killed. But Gil was like, 'Nah, don't mess with this one; I'm working a deal with him,'" says Boone. "I can't ask no more questions, because that's not my job. My job is only to do what they ask, if they've got the money. I would leave, but the other drug lords would tell everybody, 'Hey, don't mess with this person. Gil don't want us to fuck with 'im. Gil got something up on him, or he's gonna do a favor for Gil or Gil gonna do a favor for him, so he made the don't-touch list.'"

IF SOMEBODY HAD MONEY ON THEIR HEAD, THEN BOONE WAS COMING FOR THEM. HE WAS A STRAIGHT CONTRACT KILLER, AND MONEY TALKED.

The homicide detective put money on people's heads, approved hit lists, arranged protection for dealers, made cases disappear, and got dealers to help set up rival dealers. Amazingly, even though Hill was a suspect in the FBI's investigation, he didn't go down in the early-nineties police-corruption probe in Detroit. He manipulated the criminal justice system to suit his own purposes. He was the real untouchable in Detroit's underworld.

"He would tell us to put a gun in somebody's car—one of our enemies," Boone says. "Then he'd have the police pull up on 'em and say, 'Wait, is that a gun on your seat?' 'Cause the people don't know we just sneaked a gun in their car. Same way we did with drugs. He used to tell us to set people up with drugs. We'd go put some drugs in the motherfucker's car. We'd go throw half a brick in there or something, then we'd tell the cops."

But eventually, the jig was up. The empire the Brown brothers created was floundering. Ghost and Wizard were dead. Rocking Reg was serving life in prison for allegedly murdering one of White Boy Rick's partners. Boogaloo was on the run, a fugitive from justice. Boone knew his number was up. It was all coming back on Best Friends, and karma is always a bitch. No doubt it would have ended badly for Boone if not for something he learned around this time: that Boogaloo had been involved with his little brother getting killed.

"If somebody killed one of your family members, you are going to try to go at them or you're going to tell the law," Boone explains. "Unless you just don't give a damn about your family being killed. Some people will do that, but I couldn't. I already knew that Boogaloo was behind the killing of my little brother. I couldn't get to him, so I went to the DEA and told them, 'I can help you get this motherfucker. I figure if we get him we send him to prison, and my friends in there are gonna butcher his ass,' and they said that they would like to get him in there anyway, 'cause he had a contract on his ass in prison."

In Boone's mind, cutting a deal with the feds was justified because he wanted Boogaloo dead. Meanwhile, Boogaloo realized Boone was a loose end that needed some fast mending and put out a hit on him. Boone got shot, but survived.

"To give up Boogaloo and Best Friends, the feds gave me immunity across the table for any of my own crimes. I admitted that I was involved with 30 murders," Boone says. "They said, 'Okay, but we're just going to find you guilty for these two, but you have to tell us who they was, where you did them, who all helped you.' I gave them the detail on all that. The judge asked, 'Can't you find somebody else to make the deal with?' But the papers were signed and they knew I was the only one who was willing to give them Best Friends. I gave them up. They killed my little brother and then they tried to kill me."

Understandably, the immunity deal caused some heads to shake. Says Boone: "Everybody was like, 'How the hell can they do that?' But they wanted Boogaloo more than me. They wanted these people that I was gonna give them more than me and they figured they'd get them to flip on somebody even bigger. That's what they were planning on doing. Try to eat up the chain. I was just giving them these people, that's all. The rest of the people I know about I wouldn't have given them up. They didn't have nothing to do with me going to prison or me getting shot up or killing my little brother, so I kept my mouth shut."

The feds wouldn't get Boogaloo, though. He was killed by one of his own guys. A longtime crew member murdered Boogaloo and stole the buy money for a 100-kilo load of cocaine. The remaining Best Friends were tracked down and charged for that murder, too. Boone didn't have to testify against anyone. He was shipped off to do his time in the Witness Security Program, a secret program in the Federal Bureau of Prisons where high-profile witnesses can do their time safely.

"The state gave me twelve to twenty. The feds gave me seventeen." Boone says. "The state and the feds came up with an agreement that they'll run the sentences together. I wouldn't do no more than twelve-and-a-half years."

In 2008, Boone was released from prison and moved back to his old Detroit neighborhood, where he still resides today. Unafraid of anyone connected to Best Friends or Detroit's police force, Boone moves around the East Side freely.

"We was young fools then," the imposing six-foot-three, 300-pounder says. "I wish I could turn back the hands of time and just stay straight and start a small business. When you become a gangster or hit man, you get shot up. You get tore up. There is no such thing as retirement. Prison, death, or getting crippled is your future. I've been to prison. I'm crippled. I can't even move my hands. Leg tore up. I have to walk with a cane. Shotgun blast. They hit me with everything, nine in the back, but yet this is me. I'm free."

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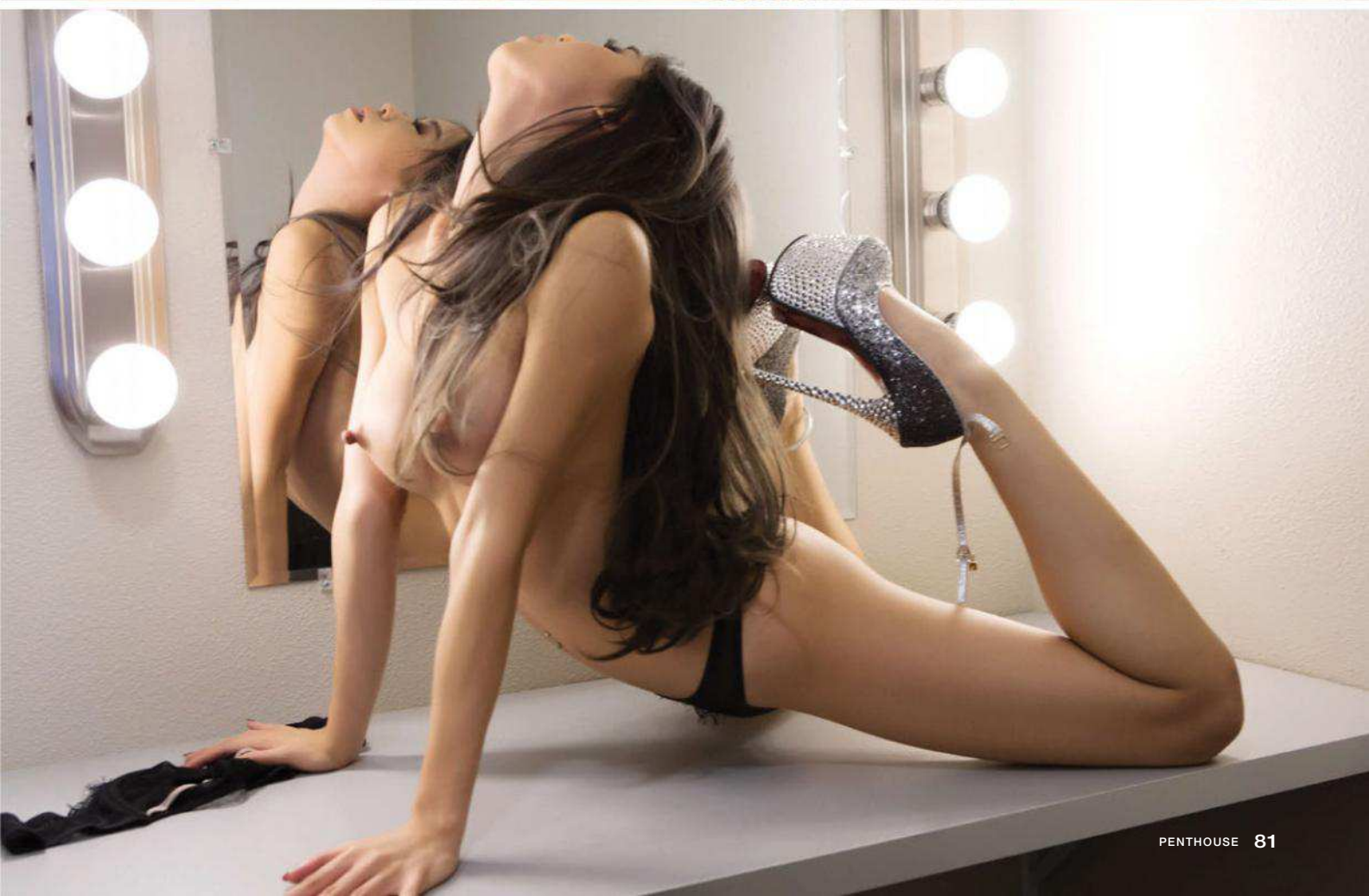
EROTIC ANGEL

For those of you who don't know, Joey Kim is fire. This accomplished aerialist, dancer, and striptease artist puts on quite the show. We caught up with Joey backstage and watched her prepare for her next performance. We didn't say much…we just stood in the corner and watched…and took pictures…and published them.

Photography: Tammy Sands



PHOTOS: *PENTHOUSE* MAGAZINE MAY 2004 / TONY WARD

GOOD GIRLS DON'T

BY JENNY NORDBAK

AS I lay bound to a torture table helplessly thrusting my hips against the empty air in an expression of my desperate arousal, I tried to figure out how I had ended up like this in the middle of a session with a client. I didn't have a submissive bone in my body. I didn't even like being tied up. But somehow this client had me trembling with lust by doing just that. It's always the fucking quiet ones.

Marcus came in to play at the very end of the shift when I had already resigned myself to being finished with work for the night. The Desk Mistress called back to the dressing room to say there was a gentleman there to see a sub. I was a Switch at that time, so even though my preferences lay in domination, I was obligated to meet him.

I sighed and dragged myself up from the warm embrace of the couch, exhaling to retie my corset, a rookie mistake since I still needed to bend down to get my heels on. After struggling back into platform stilettos that added five inches to my diminutive stature, I walked to the lobby and awaited my turn to introduce myself. I wasn't in the mood to play anymore, which meant I was seriously not in the mood to sub. I strode into the interview room with the least subby attitude I could muster, looked the prospective client dead in the eye, and said, "I'm Scarlett."

The man across from me was tall but unassuming. His dark eyes darted away from mine, so I took that as my dismissal and walked out, confident I wasn't going to get the session.

"Scarlett, he'd like to speak with you."

Damn it.

Every time I didn't want a session, it was inevitable the client would pick me. The gods have a twisted sense of humor.

As we interviewed, Marcus explained that he was into bondage. He just wanted to tie me up, blindfolded and gagged.

Jackpot.

IN MY MIND I WAS SCREAMING, *BREAK THE RULES YOU MOTHERFUCKER! FUCK ME NOW!* BUT ALL THAT CAME OUT WERE MUFFLED MOANS.

It was still technically a sub session, but it was only bondage. I could just sit back and let him do all the work. If I was gagged, I didn't even have to think of what to say. I agreed to do the session, convinced I was basically going to get paid to take a nap with some rope around me. How wrong I was.

We picked a room, handed over the cash to the Desk Mistress to play for an hour, and went back to select some rope and a blindfold. I grabbed a variety of lengths and thicknesses, since I wasn't sure of his skill level. He seemed to approve of my selections. I grabbed a few wrist and ankle cuffs, in case he had no idea what he was doing, and a blindfold. I retrieved a gag from my own bag in the dressing room since I always felt weird about using the same gags the clients used.

Marcus had picked the most menacing room to play in. Almost everything, including the walls, ceiling, and floors, was black with red accents here and there. There was a table in the center of the room that looked like it should be used to rack a prisoner: a throne, a torture swing suspended by chains, a bench, and a St. Andrew's cross. A leather mummy bag hung ominously on one wall. It felt like a medieval torture chamber. It turned me on just being in there.

I walked behind the black curtain on the back wall and started playing a Puscifer album to avoid any awkward silence. The deep bass vibrated through the floor.

"Do you like being tied up?" Marcus asked without looking up from where he was spreading and sorting the rope.

"Not especially," I answered honestly.

He smirked and looked up at me but didn't respond.

Marcus selected a long piece of pink nylon and did a fairly simple box tie on me first, in which my arms were crossed behind my back. It was immediately clear that he was no novice.

"Do you ever break the rules, Scarlett?" he asked as he unwound his knots to move on to a different configuration.

I chuckled and replied, "Never. Good girls don't."

He pulled the blindfold over my eyes and fastened the gag around the back of my head. I took deep breaths through my nose. Something about gags always made me initially panic, but I was quickly distracted by the bondage.

Nothing feels quite like rope in the hands of a master. As he pulled the length he was working on up between my thighs, I was startled to discover he had guessed the precise location of my clit, and there was now a knot pressing down on it over my boyshorts. As he continued to pull and tie the rope in an elaborate bind, he was deliberately manipulating the knot between my thighs, making my breath come in heavy gasps.

Marcus was a fucking maestro with rope. This wasn't bondage. It was foreplay.

I was shocked when he lifted me off the ground and laid me down on the bondage table. It was disorienting and reminded me that he was now in control. He added to my vulnerability by spreading my legs and tying an ankle to each corner of the table. He did the same with my wrists, forcing me to arch my back and pull the knot against my clit even harder. It was deliciously frustrating torture.

I hated being out of control, but couldn't seem to remember why as he dragged the end of a piece of rope down and over my ribcage, letting it trail lightly across my skin.

He kept touching me everywhere but where I wanted him to. As he started pulling on the crisscrossing rope patterns as though I was an instrument to be played, I thought I was going to lose it and orgasm with a client.

I was clenching. Thrusting. Needing. But couldn't seem to get there.

The rope was cutting into my wrists from my struggles, but I didn't care. I didn't really care if I had arms or not. My entire existence was centered on the sensations he was tormenting me with.

In my mind I was screaming, *Break the rules you motherfucker! Fuck me now!* But all that came out around the gag were muffled moans. I didn't recognize the desperate noises that were coming from my own mouth.

Marcus laughed quietly, a rumbling sound, and I knew in that moment that he knew. *This* was what did it for him. He had gotten a Domme to take a sub session with him and then reduced her to a writhing puddle of reckless desire. He had a Mistress ready to beg and he wasn't even going to let her.

The intercom crackled to life, "Excuse me, your session has ended."

Marcus didn't even stay to untie me. He left and had the Desk Mistress send someone up to release my bonds, leaving me mortified to be found shaking with arousal over a client.

Good girls don't break the rules. But I might have.

RODRIGO DUTERTE'S REIGN OF TERROR

BY JEFF KAMEN

WHEN he was a little boy, Rodrigo Duterte was raped by a Jesuit priest. That abuse molded Duterte into a violent, self-righteous control freak. Today, he is president of the Philippines.

As the world watches, Duterte is busy keeping his campaign promise to destroy his country's drug-crime problem by killing addicts and dealers alike. His actions are defying the influential Catholic Church, which calls his antidrug policy "a reign of terror."

Duterte's dirty drug war has also been condemned by the U.S., the European Union, and the United Nations. When challenged for his brutality, Duterte claims to be taking the action that is necessary to save the next generation of Filipino children from the horrors of addiction. It's as though he's trying to do for them what nobody could do for Duterte the child—protect them from abuse. During an interview with Al-Jazeera, Duterte said the sexual abuse visited upon him by that priest had shaped his character, his politics, and "how you look at the world and how you form your values."

DUTERTE HAS SAID THE SEXUAL ABUSE VISITED UPON HIM BY THE PRIEST SHAPED HIS CHARACTER AND HIS POLITICS.

Rodrigo Duterte became a man of dramatic action early on in his adult life. At law school, when another student insulted him on the basis of his ethnicity, Duterte shot him. Today, Duterte is the ruling power elite. He's using the National Police to carry out extrajudicial killings, and he strongly supports vigilante action. He encourages citizens to open fire on anyone they believe to be a drug criminal, and for him, this includes junkies, whom he says destroy society, as surely as a rape can destroy a woman and her family: "If I were a father and you raped my daughter, do you think I would wait for the police?" Duterte said. "Do you think my anger would wait? I would kill you. I encourage vigilantes. Yes."

In the ten months since he's been in office, Duterte has presided over the slaughter of at least 6,000 additional suspected drug addicts and their suppliers. I say "additional" because, in his previous job as mayor of Davao City (population 1.6 million), he led and paid for the mass murder of an estimated 1,700 people, according to former members of the Davao Death Squad, which he organized almost 30 years ago.

▪▪▪

WHEN he was campaigning for the presidency with a law-and-order message, Rodrigo Duterte vowed that, if elected, he would eliminate 100,000 addicts and dealers within the first six months of his administration. That number—to be killed by the state or its vigilante citizens—blew people's minds. Within hours of Duterte being sworn in, the tactics he used in Davao City were being applied nationwide, and with each passing night, more and more bodies were found in the streets (up to 27 were dumped into the alleys and roads on a single night in Manila alone).

A few months later, President Duterte updated his plans and expectations. He did this using utterly bizarre language containing a huge historical inaccuracy. But it got the point across. He had initially underestimated the size of the meth problem. But now, he said, he's got the numbers right: "Hitler massacred three million Jews. Now there is three million drug addicts in my country, the Philippines. There are. I'd be happy to slaughter them. Killing that many would finish the [drug] problem of my country and save the next generation from perdition."

That Hitler murdered six million Jews and not three is not the issue here. What is crucial to understand is that this former prosecutor who became a mayor and is now president is not engaged in hyperbole. His goal truly is to kill them all. And in recent days, Duterte has upped the figure to almost four million.

Let me put this into American terms: The population of the Philippines is something over 100 million. Ours is more than three times that. So the equivalent would be if an American president vowed to kill between nine and twelve million U.S. citizens. Roughly, this would be like murdering every resident of New York

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / DONDI TAWATAO

City, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Of course, any American leader suggesting anything of that nature would immediately be branded a lunatic.

The thing is, Duterte isn't just entertaining some twisted fantasy of wiping out what offends him; he's been making his dreams of vengeance and control come true. And he's clearly loving the job.

Duterte—whose aides like to compare him to President Trump—has a push-pull relationship with the press. He puffs up like a blowfish when he's on camera, but he's also endorsed the idea of murdering reporters who displease him: "Just because you're a journalist you are not exempted from assassination if you're a son of a bitch."

Politically, Duterte's fanatical obsession with drug crime has served him well. He has been awash in the blood of innocents for more than two decades and he continues to get away with it, only now it's on a much bigger scale. He has perfected his own version of the populism of violence like few others since World War II.

Back then, Germany and Italy were under the sway of charismatic, murderous populist leaders who stoked people's fears into hatred and told them that if they did as they were told all would be well. Years before he occupied the Malacañang (presidential) Palace in Manila, Duterte was already ordering the executions that earned him the names "Death Squad Mayor of Davao City," "the Punisher," and "Dirty Harry of Davao."

To win the presidency, Duterte rallied the angry, the fearful, and the frustrated of an entire nation as he had done for decades as a civil servant. Duterte did it day in and day out, year after year, beginning when he was a prosecuting attorney in the late seventies. Almost 40 years later, he got the people of the Philippines—who are even more pious than Americans—to support a heartless, illegal war on local drug addicts and dealers without the benefit of arrest and trial.

ONE VICTIM WAS FED TO A CROCODILE, AND HUNDREDS MORE WERE DUMPED INTO THE OCEAN.

"There is no due process in my mouth," Duterte has said. On another occasion, he boasted, "My city is the ninth safest city in the world. How do you think I did that?" And yet, according to National Police stats, Davao City has the worst murder rate in the country.

▪▪▪

A FEW years before Duterte first got involved in fighting drug crime, almost 40 years ago, the nation's Catholic bishops said drug addicts were "worthy of the highest punishment." In 1988, the Philippine Supreme Court called drug addicts "useless if not dangerous," akin to a "living dead," while declaring that dealers "deserve no less than the maximum penalty." Together, the country's dominant religious institution and highest court helped create a powerful sense of "otherness" about addicts and dealers. For Duterte, these people have more or less stopped being human. Meanwhile, physician and medical anthropologist Gideon Lasco reports from Manila that most meth addicts there rarely commit acts of violence—their main crime is buying the drug, which sells for about two dollars a hit.

Duterte's drug war has also resulted in more than 40,000 arrests, mostly of users; prisons are now bursting at the seams. One jail, designed to hold 800 inmates, had 3,800 when this article went to press. Those inmates have to take turns sleeping on the floor while the others stand. Communicable diseases run riot in those conditions. But the average Filipino who voted for Duterte has been primed by the culture and Duterte's propaganda to believe that whatever fate befalls an addict is acceptable.

▪▪▪

AS the sun rises over the Davao Gulf, a helicopter flies out of the city limits. It climbs to 1,000 feet and hovers above an empty field. Suddenly, the chopper's side door opens. Within seconds, a man is ejected, his body cartwheeling, buffeted by the wind. His hands are cuffed behind his back. He screams for the eight seconds it takes his body to plow into the earth, at 175 miles per hour.

In the helicopter, Duterte, the man who has just thrown the accused drug dealer to his death, smiles. Brilliant and calculating, the charismatic then-mayor of the city of Davao knows he has just added another shocking tile to the mosaic of his public persona. He tells a journalist to make sure it becomes part of his legend. He was on the march toward whatever destiny his people's whipped-up fears, and his own genius, had in store for him.

Later, after the story of the man who flew from the helicopter was stitched into the public's consciousness, Duterte would deny that he had committed that grotesque murder, and then back away from the denial in a kind of wink to his followers, assuring them he is that kind of bold protector of the people.

Shrewd and quick on his feet, Duterte knew exactly what he was doing. Executing that alleged dealer fulfilled the forbidden fantasies of millions of decent people who had been taught to fear drug crime and brought them into his orbit. He became their guy, their champion.

Always the complicated man, Duterte has been socially progressive on other issues. Reporting done in 2002 by the *New York Times* and later by *Time* magazine detailed the then-mayor's strong support for the rights of women and the LGBTQ community, including their rights to pursue opportunities in public service and in business. "Everyone," Duterte said, "has a right to be happy."

However, when recently asked about mass rehabilitation instead of mass murder for drug addicts, President Duterte shrugged off the notion of an alternative to what he's doing, taking refuge in the fact that "there isn't money in the budget to build rehab centers."

After Duterte began to govern the entire country, a middle-aged man named Edgar Matobato started to speak into microphones, under oath. He's a credible-sounding fellow who says he's a former member of Duterte's Davao Death Squad. Matobato testified before a hearing of the Philippine Senate, calmly describing how he had been paid by Mayor Duterte,

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / JIAWANGKUN

BETRAYAL

TWO YEARS AGO, Rodrigo Duterte revealed that, when he was a kid, he had been sexually molested by a priest. This was back in the days when church officials routinely relocated predator priests instead of having them arrested. Duterte's abuser was the same cleric whose crimes forced the Jesuit order to pay out $16 million to the priest's American victims.

As is often the case with victims of child sex abuse, Duterte's attitudes toward sex are pathological. He is a verbal exhibitionist. He boasts of his Viagra-fueled potency, telling anyone who will listen that, at 71, he services four women: two wives and two mistresses. Commenting on the gang rape of an attractive tourist, Duterte complained that, as mayor, he should have been at the front of the line of men who penetrated the victim. Later, Duterte apologized, saying he was only making a joke.

code name "Charlie Mike," to slaughter those put onto the death squad's hit list by Duterte himself. Matobato described summary executions, including one victim who was fed to a crocodile, and dumping hundreds more into the ocean, their bodies punctured and slashed.

In the aftermath of the fall of the American-backed dictator Ferdinand Marcos in 1986, much of the country was still in chaos, including Davao City. That's when an infusion of meth produced by Chinese drug cartels entered the life of the city. Until Duterte established a strict curfew and his hard line on crime, the city was in trouble.

Today, almost 29 years later, if you visit the center of Davao, you will probably experience a safe, vibrant commercial district with pleasant people and fine food. That's not where the blood-letting is underway. Nor is it evident on the city's eight white-sand beaches. It's happening at night, in the poorest neighborhoods.

Since his "kill them all" rhetoric and policies have gone nationwide, the Duterte administration claims to have cut crime by more than 40 percent. Except for murder—which has shot up by more than 50 percent.

While running for president, Duterte boasted that his death squad had murdered 1,700 drug criminals during his 22 years as Davao mayor. But according to Edgar Matobato's testimony before the Philippine Senate, Duterte also ordered the death squad to take out people who had nothing to do with drug crime, including a millionaire hotelier who had pissed him off, and a boyfriend of Duterte's sister.

Today in the Philippines, anyone can commit murder and get away with it if the victim has the remotest connection to drugs, and that includes being a hapless addict who hurts nobody but himself and his own family. Duterte has even offered to pay a bounty to any citizen who murders an addict or a dealer.

■■■

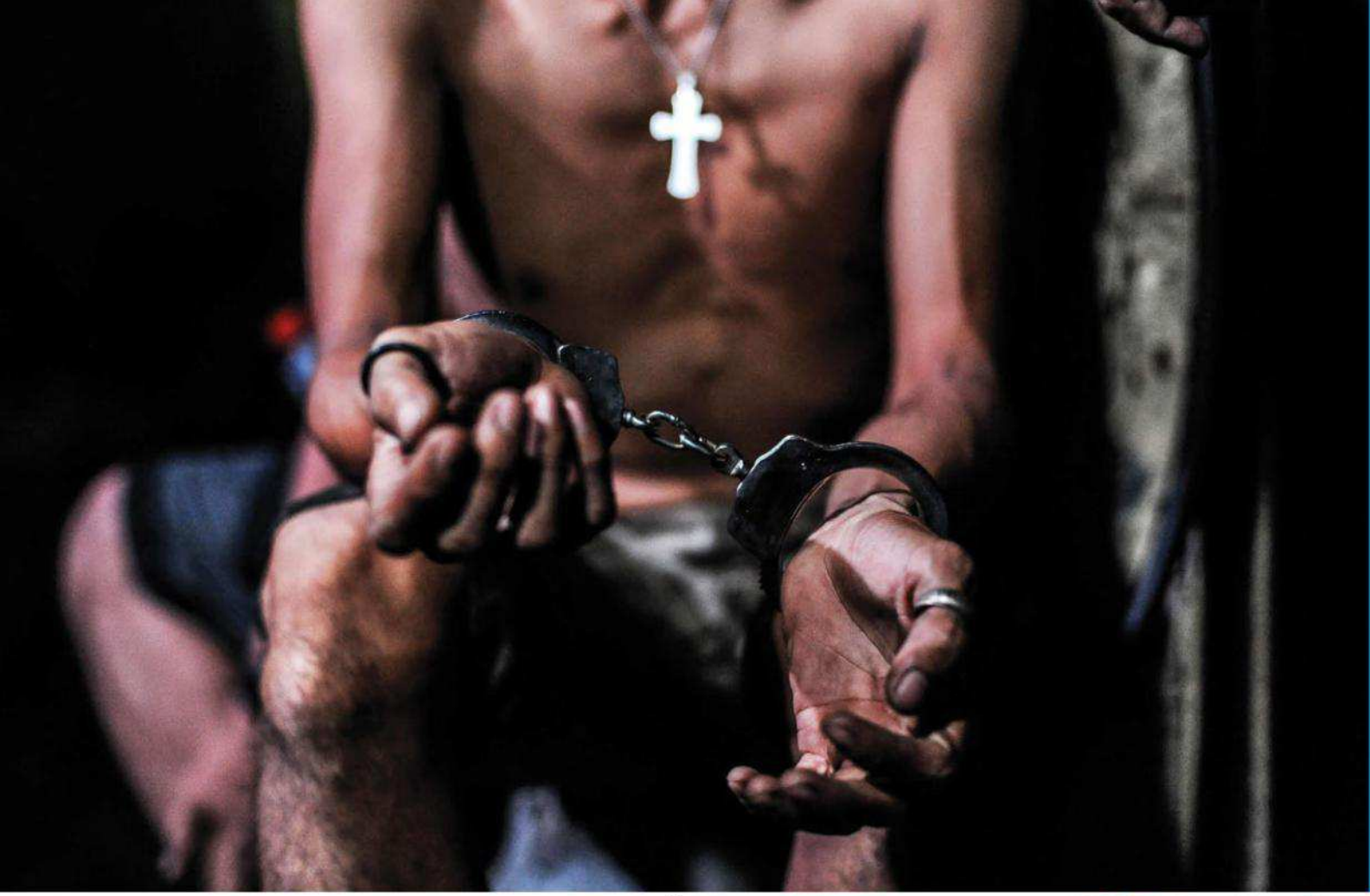
PRESIDENT Duterte once said that he would kill his own son—Paolo, who is now vice mayor of Davao—if he discovered the young man had become a drug user. Duterte's public declarations have created a free-fire zone in the most drug-impacted communities of the Philippines, which translates, of course, into the poorest and least likely to vote.

The Catholic Church in the Philippines is acutely aware of the class aspect of the slaughter unleashed by Duterte. The Church has a long history of championing the cause of the poor, especially as they are impacted by policies of the state. The Church was a key player in the overthrow of two corrupt Philippine regimes in the last 31 years.

Eighty percent of the country's people are Catholic, so when the Church repeatedly appealed to Duterte to stop the slaughter, you might have expected a substantive response. But Duterte ignored the cries from the pulpit for Christian compassion.

In February, on a warm Saturday in the capital city, an estimated 10,000 Catholics marched to demand an end to the slaughter. This was no easy midday protest. The Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines called upon parishioners to gather at 4:30 A.M. at the Quirino Grandstand, the same massive venue where Duterte previously held a huge campaign rally.

Archbishop Socrates Villegas, president of the conference,



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES / DONDI TAWATAO

IT'S PERSONAL

FROM 1963 TO 1980, I was a reporter in the streets of New York City, San Francisco, Chicago, and Detroit as those cities were being battered by drug crime. I hated seeing the destruction and being afraid for my wife and little kids as we walked down the streets. There were times I was so frustrated and angry that I might have welcomed a strongman who could just stop it.

As in the Philippines, the criminalization of drugs and the resulting drug crime in America have left decades of bloodstains on the sidewalks, alleys, and streets. The first time I saw that crimson evidence of violence, I was 22 and new to Chicago. The blood was fresh and there was a lot of it. I almost passed out, but the tough old cop I was traveling with grabbed me by my arm and said, "Easy kid, you'll get used to it; we all do."

So now, all these years later, I am doing it again. Back at yet another gut-wrenching crime scene where pain is painted on the sidewalk in deep, dark red. I am standing next to a pool of drying blood, the stain of another human being's last tormented moment on earth. This time it's not outside a bar where it ended with a knife to the gut. It's not the aftermath of a gunfight, or the scene of a bombing. This time, the bloodstain is soaking into the ground near the entrance to a Chicago high-rise apartment house. It's probably the 50th time in my journalism career that I've retraced the final moments of a private person who died in a public way.

I really shouldn't have come to this crime scene. This time, I'm not on assignment. And the drying blood? It belongs to my son. He's the good-looking one next to me in the old photo (left). About seven years after that picture was taken, Nathan James Kamen, a natural foods chef, loving father, and gifted martial artist, but also a drunk and a drug addict, took his last drink in Chicago, while I was asleep in Washington, D.C.

The ringing phone shook me awake.

"Jeff Kamen? Detective Shaunessy, Chicago homicide. Did you have a son named Nathan? Yes? Well, sorry. He died last night. Suicide," The cop on the phone sounded almost bored as he spoke. "Yeah, sorry. He jumped off a 19th-story balcony of a Near North apartment house. Nothing we could do. Sorry."

Wide-awake and strangely numb, I was counting seconds in my head, wondering if my firstborn was aware as he fell that in less than four seconds, his 6'1", 230-pound body would smash into the sidewalk at about 75 miles per hour, and the pain he'd carried around inside himself for years would be no more.

Damaged as "the Bear" was by his daily consumption of alcohol and drugs, I don't think he set out to kill himself. He was in love with a terrific woman and he adored his little daughter. More likely, he'd gotten drunk or stoned and decided to balance atop the balcony safety rail and fell, ending a life of torment that began with a genetic predisposition to alcoholism and a first drink when he was 14.

Had Rodrigo Duterte—or someone like him—been in charge of our country early on in my son's life of addiction, Nate's corpse would have been in the street a whole lot sooner, or maybe he would have steered a different course. But probably not.

It's been seven years. I'm still in shock. I miss him every day.

addressed the early morning crowd of deeply worried but determined Catholics: "Why did we summon you here before dawn? It's because it is during these hours that we find bodies on the streets or near trash cans. Dawn, which is supposed to be the hour of a new start, is becoming an hour of tears and fears."

The day before the rally, the regime filed criminal charges against one of Duterte's most vocal opponents for allegedly running a drug trafficking ring using criminals in the country's largest prison when she was justice secretary in the previous administration. Senator Leila de Lima is also a former human rights commissioner, and one brave woman. She says what seems obvious to many–that the charges against her are fake, trumped up, and designed to intimidate her into ending her opposition to Duterte's dirty drug war. She joined the Bishops' demonstration as a declaration of solidarity.

"For as long as I can," she told the rally in Manila, "I will continue to fight. They cannot silence me." De Lima spoke even as she was expecting to be arrested by the National Police, who are now under the command of a Duterte protégé. Duterte himself urged her to hang herself.

Manila bishop Broderick Pabillo told the French Press Agency, "I am alarmed and angry at what's happening because this is something that is regressive. It does not show our humanity."

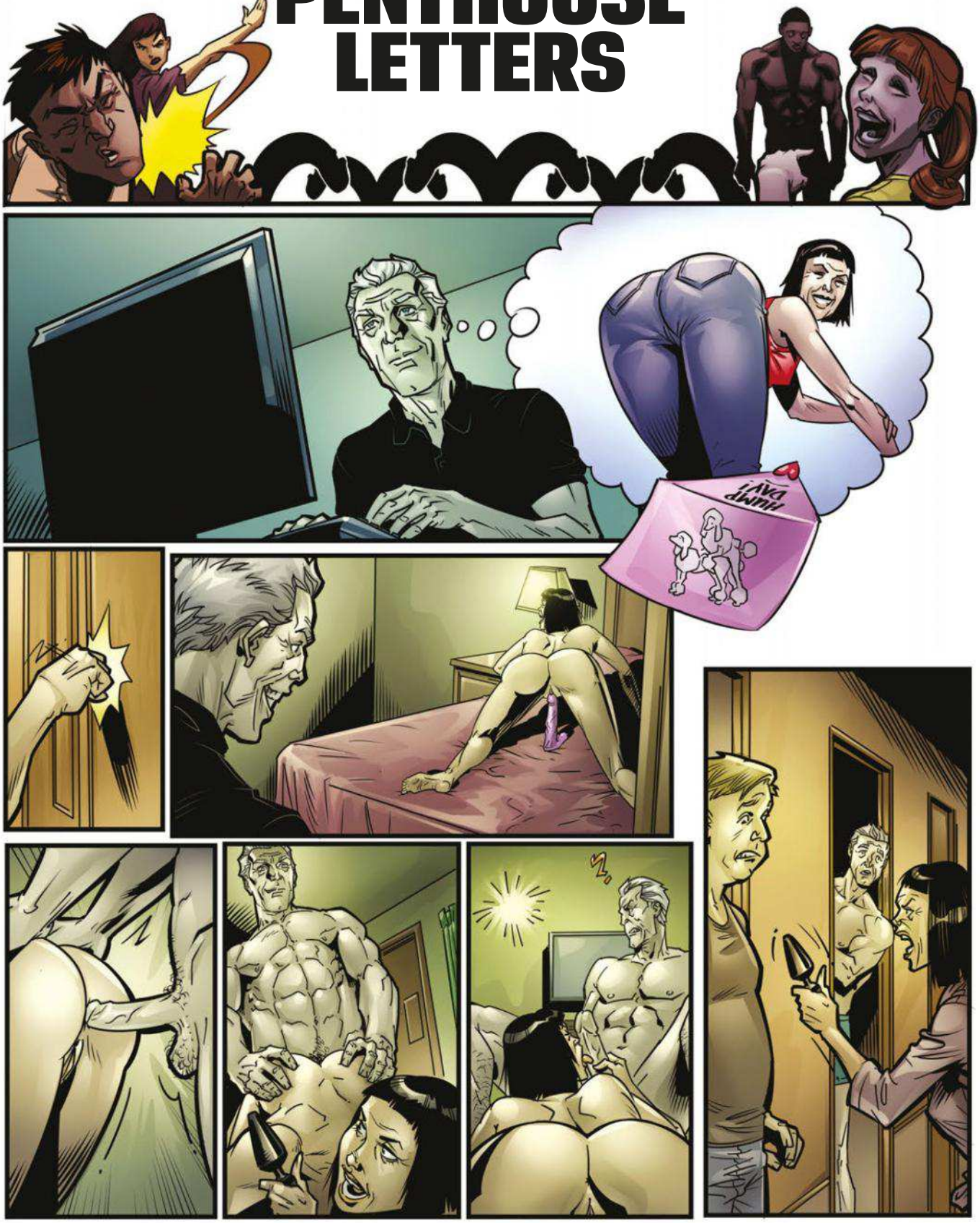
Duterte has denounced the Church as "the most hypocritical institution" in the Philippines because it opposes the very real carnage created by his policies. But maybe it's also because it failed to protect him when he was a vulnerable child.

Since becoming president of the Philippines, Duterte has taken a machete to the education budget, lopping off 25 percent. He reassigned those funds to the police and military. But he's made no effort to reallocate any of those taxpayer dollars to rehabs for addicts.

This is where things stand. The body count has surpassed 8,000. "Dirty Harry" Duterte is very popular with about half of his country's citizens. Armed with that political capital, he has asked the legislature to change the law so that police may start arresting children as young as nine if they are suspected of a drug crime. Where he would put them is anyone's guess.

President Trump has invited Duterte to visit the White House. Meanwhile, the bloody drug war continues. Thousands down, three million more to go.

THE BEST OF THE WORST OF PENTHOUSE LETTERS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JASON JOHNSON

PULL THE PLUG

DEAR *Penthouse,*

After over five decades on the planet, I finally gave in and joined an online dating site. What the fuck took me so long, seriously? Photos, bios, insights into favorite positions…looking for a relationship, looking for a good time…. Man, I feel like I slept through the revolution.

I'm an ass man. Big time. Love the butt stuff. I want knees to buckle as I massage that G spot from the inside. And this over-50 dating site was a lifesaver. Do you know how awkward it is to talk about this fetish with a woman I just met at a bar…or at church?

Her name was Kate. Perky tits, tiny waist, heart-shaped ass, jet black hair, and she totally got me laughing with a dirty little love note—sent via fucking snail mail—with a picture of two miniature poodles humping, and two words on the back: Hump Day. I was a little surprised because her profile made her seem so conservative, but she had this sexy twinkle in her hazel eyes that just screamed, "Lick a shot of tequila off my belly and fuck me sideways till we pass out!"

The note had directions to meet at this little hotel, right outside town. I knocked on the door. "Get in here!" she yelled. And there she was, on all fours, her butt in the air, vibrator humming on her juiced-up clit. My dick got rock-hard in three seconds.

"Lube up and climb aboard, Sailor." Um, aye aye, Captain?

I was so frickin' horny as I slid off my pants, lubed up, and eased my cock inside her tiny puckered asshole. Yes, this was happening.

Her ass cheeks were soft, yet firm. The jiggle was rhythmic. I reached around and pinched her plump, raspberry nipples until they were hot to the touch.

"Fuck my ass," she said, "Fuck it hard. Slam that cock as deep as it goes. I can take all of it."

I sunk my sausage to the base—farther in than ever before. And it felt so right. I was getting close and she knew it. She clenched up and it slowed everything down for me.

"Goddamnit, Kate, what are you doing to me?"

She said, "I brought a plug and I want to shove it in your ass. You game?"

Hell, yeah, I was game. She shimmied off my dick and grabbed a butt plug from under the white pillow. Thankfully it was a small one, but at this point I'd do anything for her. She had me.

She massaged my balls, licking my dick so sweetly, and popped a finger into my ass to get me ready. Then we heard the TV go on in the room adjacent to ours. Football blaring. Then there was yelling. Yelling above the TV. The wall was paper-thin, and this dude was obviously not happy with the Browns (pun seriously not intended—it actually was the Browns game). Total boner-killer.

"Wait just a minute. I'm going to get them to shut the fuck up," Kate said. She put on a robe and headed for the door. I chased after her, but it was too late.

Out in the hallway I saw her standing there, shaking the greased butt plug in the startled face next door, shouting, "Turn that goddamn TV down!"

Game definitely over.

—Rory B., Cleveland Heights, Ohio

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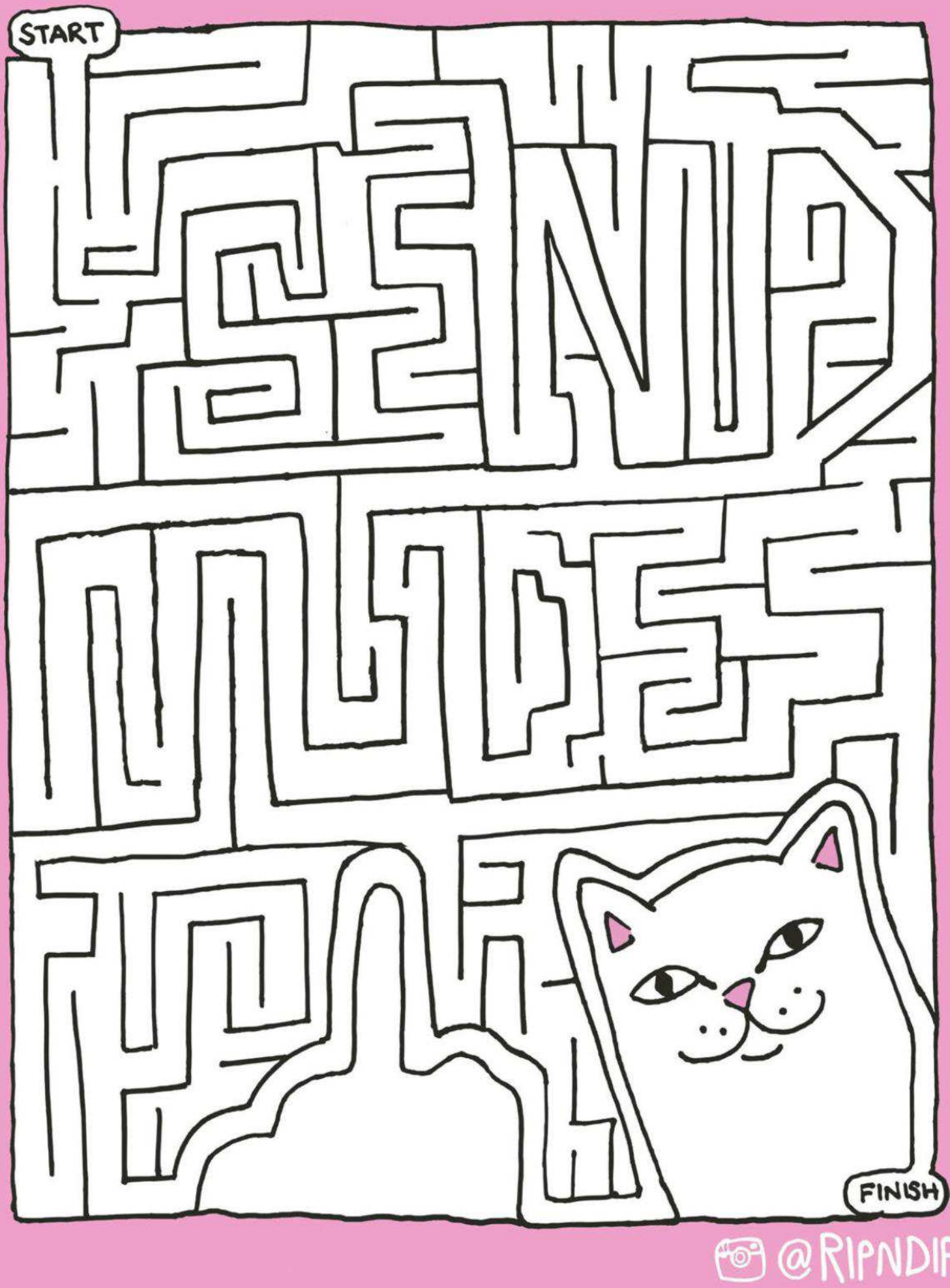
CAPRI FUN

Capri and her friend Celeste have a knack for getting steamy in a shower — without actual steam...or water. And that's fine with us. "Go right ahead!" we said. Pretty sure that was the right call. The results? You decide.

Photography: Gerald de Behr

SEE MORE OF CELESTE AND CAPRI
AT PENTHOUSE.COM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HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

ALL EYEZ ON ME

I got a baby on the way, my new job doesn't pay shit, I'm a month late on rent, and my stress is through the roof. I don't know what to do, Leah. I feel like going back to selling drugs.

Would it be fucked if I said go back to selling drugs? I guess it really depends what drugs you're selling. I think selling anything besides weed is really bad karma. Plus, you don't wanna catch a bid and leave your girl and baby to fend for themselves. Then shit will really be fucked. Does your wife/girlfriend work? Double income is very important these days. I know the stress of having a kid on the way and bills, etc. It is really stressful. But at the end of the day you just gotta pray for a healthy baby because that's really all that matters. You will find a way to pay bills. You will be okay. Hang in there.

ONCE BITTEN

Leah, I'm a 27-year-old male of average physical appearance with no problems finding women in the past. But ever since my last relationship ended two years ago, it's like I'm a different person. Zero actual major changes to my appearance, personality, or finances, yet I can't explain this immense drought. Any advice?

Ooof. Did your last relationship end because of a betrayal on her part? Because that would make a lot of sense. Women could be sensing fear from you. My sponsor in AA always tells me, "You cannot seek that which you are not." So maybe you are just not ready yet. Sometimes droughts can be a blessing. They give us time to be alone with ourselves (which is personally my worst nightmare). A two-year drought is a long time, though. I think you should get back out there. Get on some dating apps. See a matchmaker. And also maybe go to a therapist and discuss what happened in your last relationship. I have a feeling your past is haunting you and affecting your present. You gotta go work through that. Good luck, boo!

FIT TO BE TIED

Leah, I must say you're a beautiful, badass boss lady. Is it weird that I get turned-on by watching other guys getting tied up by girls? There's something about female dominance that turns me on.

I don't think it's weird at all. So many men want to be tied up, peed on, shit on, and have their balls stepped on by women. And they pay for it, too! Many men in power want to be emasculated in the bedroom. They want the woman to be the boss because they have to be the boss at all other times. Makes sense, right? I own my own company and am pretty much the boss of my life. I like to seduce, but I also like when a man takes control in the bedroom. I need that. I think that you getting off on watching men being tied up by women is totally normal. I also think you should take the plunge and go see a dominatrix. And then write back and tell me how it was! Have fun!

ICE FISHING

She won't take it from the back. Not a problem if it wasn't my favorite position. Also, it would be cool if I could get head. No and no! What do I do?

Wait, so she doesn't want it from the back and she doesn't give head either? Did she say why? How much do you like this girl? Because this sounds like total torture and no fun. I mean, if you want to invest time then you need to get her to open up. Maybe she needs to feel more comfortable with you. I personally could never date anyone that didn't give oral. But the sex-position thing makes sense. It's not the most intimate of positions. It's hot, yeah, but you can't even see each other and it's very porno-style. Nothing against doggie, I like it, but there's a time and place for it. I would just have an honest conversation with her about why she's not into either thing. Maybe it's something you can work on with her. If she's not open to hearing your needs and not willing to work with you then I would say it's a fuckin' wrap!

MR. SOFTEE

I'm dating a girl I really like. I'm usually a man-whore, but this girl is different. She makes me want to commit and be in a relationship. The issue is, sometimes I can't get it up with her. This has never happened to me before. Ever. What is happening!? Help!

Ah, my friend, this is classic. You are feeling *love*! It's the scariest shit. And it can fuck with us in all sorts of ways. For me, it starts with debilitating anxiety and vertigo. For you, it's affecting your penis. But don't worry. You just need to let go of your fear and enjoy it. If you found a woman you want to commit to, that's beautiful. As for your penis, you could talk to a doctor, but I think it's a mental thing. Sometimes it's easier for a man who's used to meaningless no-strings-attached sex to get it up during casual flings rather then with the woman he loves. It's kind of like the Madonna-whore complex. But this woman deserves your dick rock-hard! So handle that shit!

IF YOU FOUND A WOMAN YOU WANT TO COMMIT TO, THAT'S BEAUTIFUL. AS FOR YOUR PENIS, I THINK IT'S A MENTAL THING.

IMAGE: GETTY IMAGES / LARRY BURROWS

WELCOME HOME

BY MATT GALLAGHER

THE Vietnam War's got silver hair now, a mortgage, and is much closer to Social Security than college. Hard to believe it's been fifty or so years since the height of American involvement in that conflict, but there it is. Math don't lie.

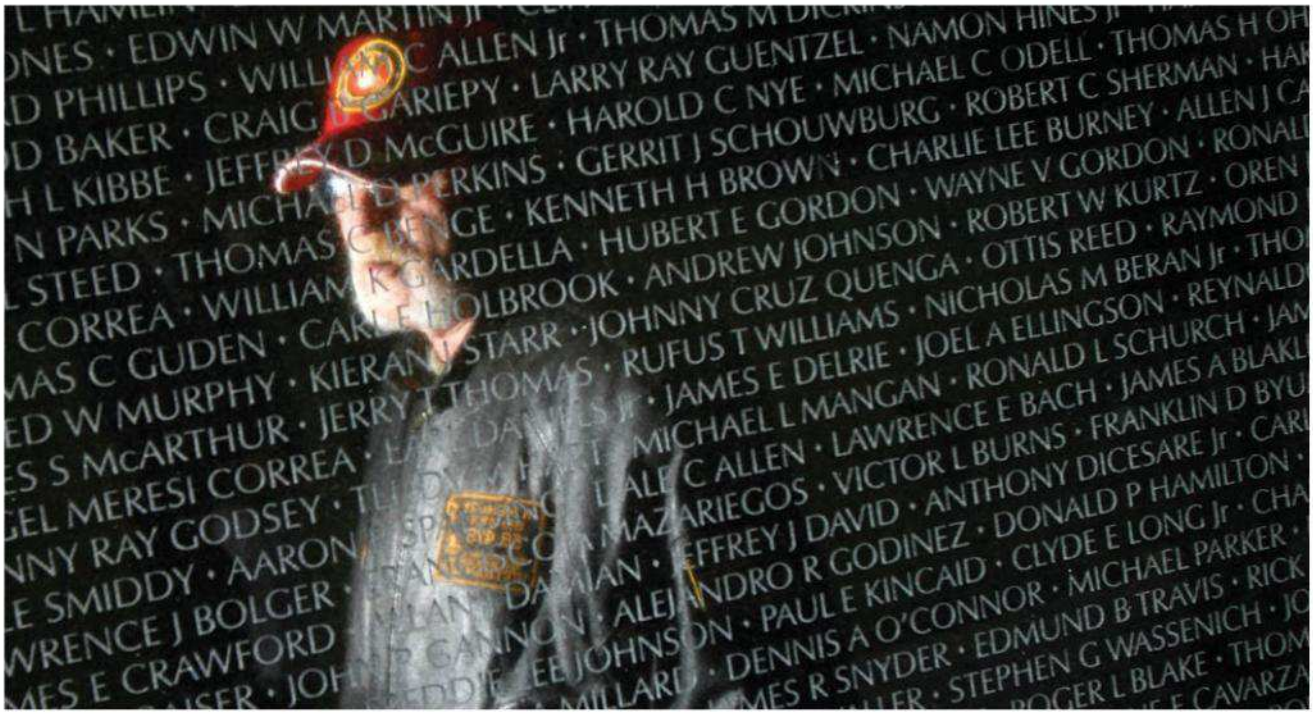
I think Confucius said that?

Anyhow, Vietnam. The debate surrounding the war tore apart our country in ways unseen since the Civil War a century before, and unseen since. "Vietnam was a terribly important thing for this country," the great writer Robert Stone said in an interview before his death. "It's like a wound covered with scar tissue or like a foreign body, a piece of shrapnel that the organism has built up a protective wall around, but it is embedded in our history; it is embedded in our definition of who we are. We will never get it out of there."

So much of the modern military and veterans culture was shaped and influenced by what happened in Vietnam and its aftermath. There's no more draft, for one. Then there's the entire repatriation process—in Vietnam, soldiers, sailors, Marines, and airmen came home one at a time after their 365 days, piecemeal. No one's written about the strangeness of this journey better than Tim O'Brien, who described in his memoir *If I Die in a Combat Zone* changing out of his fatigues and into civilian clothes in the bathroom of an airplane.

When my unit in the 25th Infantry Division came home from Iraq in 2009, we marched into an auditorium together, to the applause of our families and friends. The anthem from *Rocky* was playing through speakers. It was weird and surreal and all sorts of other things, but it definitely wasn't lonely. We weren't processing the homecoming by ourselves. We had community.

So much of what my generation of veterans takes for granted—the parades, the Thank Yous for Your Service, the separating of the soldier from the politics of war, etc.—is because of what happened the generation before. American society as a whole recalibrated, true enough. But I'd like to present the case that it recalibrated only because of the leadership and commitment of the Vietnam veterans who said to themselves, to each other,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SO MUCH OF WHAT MY GENERATION OF VETERANS TAKES FOR GRANTED—THE PARADES, THE THANK YOUS, THE SEPARATING OF THE SOLDIER FROM THE POLITICS OF WAR—IS BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED THE GENERATION BEFORE.

to anyone who would listen, "Never again."

The Vietnam vets are the ones who paved the way forward, something that couldn't have been easy or even natural, given their own homecoming experience. While incidents of being spit on at airports and the like are overblown (some would even go so far as to call it all a myth), the spirit behind those stories was as true as day. (Check out Karl Marlantes' nonfiction *What It Is Like to Go to War* if you remain skeptical.) And those cold receptions weren't only being offered by socialist hippies and jackass anarchists—older veterans groups, like the VFW and the American Legion, wanted nothing to do with Vietnam vets for much of the sixties and seventies.

The reasons why vary, from post to post, and from teller to teller. Partisan politics played a role, certainly. Basic generational disconnects. Some of the older vets resented the young guns and cited Congress never officially declaring war as reason enough for keeping them out of their clubs. (Related: Congress *still* hasn't declared a war on a fixed target since World War II. So we'd all be locked out!) And then, of course, the ultimate middle finger to their younger brethren who'd served the same country they had, worn the same uniforms in the field, saluted the same flag, and eaten the same shitty food while getting shot at by strangers far from home: "You didn't WIN your war, like we did."

Hate to say it, but let's call a dick for what it is. And some of those guys in the Greatest Generation could really be dicks.

In a way, the World War II vets were treating the Vietnam guys the same way the World War I cohort had treated them some thirty years before: "What, you assholes weren't gassed in trenches? That's not a REAL war!" The Spanish-American vets probably did the same to the returning doughboys in 1918, and on and on and on, all the way back to the American Revolution generation busting out their deployment cred on the 1812 crew. Somehow, some way, the Vietnam veterans, as individuals and in concert as groups, decided to break that trend. What courage. What resolve. What foresight.

Much of the credit belongs with the leaders of the various Vietnam organizations, like Bobby Muller, Stuart Feldman, Ron Kovic, John Rowan, among many, many others, as well as prominent politicians like John McCain and John Kerry. But much of the credit also belongs with the everyday Vietnam vets, ones not necessarily involved with or connected to the national groups and movements, who've spent the last decades making their own way through America. They've been the ones who've established this positive precedent on the ground.

Last month I gave a reading in Kansas City, and went out after with some folks for dinner and drinks. One of the gentlemen who joined us was a quiet, solidly built man who, after some coaxing, revealed he'd served in Vietnam. He'd arrived just before the Tet Offensive.

"Many others did more than me," he said in a low voice tinted with a thoughtful sadness, which is exactly what someone who's done more than their share always says.

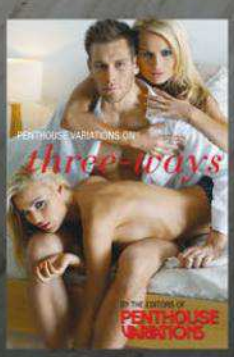
I wanted to say so much, but all I could muster in the moment was to thank him for helping pave the way for us Iraq and Afghanistan vets. It wasn't enough, of course, but I hope it was something. They understood what awaited us well before we had any idea.

Thank you, Vietnam vets. You've done more for the next generation and for our nation as a whole than you'll ever get credit for. And the fact that you all could give a damn about that credit makes it all the more extraordinary.

IMAGE: GETTY IMAGES / CHIP SOMODEVILLA

PENTHOUSE

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A GREAT TIME.



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OHMIBOD CLUB VIBE 3.OH

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

JASON Derulo is a musical genius. Like, for realsies. And while I'm at it, so is Jon Bellion. Straight motherfucking geniuses.

My adventure starts out normal enough: February 2017 Pet of the Month Uma Jolie glides into my office and gives me a warm hello. Then she learns she's the real live human laboratory Pet who will be helping me test out the remote controlled, sound-activated OhMiBod Club Vibe panty wiggler. In public. She smiles, but her face is painted with disenchantment and a pinch of *what-the-fuck-did-I-just-get-myself-into.*

We unpack the vibe together. Remote control, USB cable, instruction manual, the buzzy pleasure-egg thingy, and a one-size-fits-all thong that looks gigantic. Thankfully, looks can be deceiving, and the panty-with-a-pleasure-pocket fits her just fine (or so I assume; I didn't follow her into the bathroom).

With the panty vibe in place and the remote control linked, Uma and I wander around Penthouse HQ looking for trouble… and ambient noise. Sadly, we find neither. We need to get out into the wild and open this thing up. The selling point behind this humming wonder is not only that it's sound-activated, but that the vibrator reacts differently to different types of sounds—tone, volume, octave, intensity, highs, lows, you get it. Science, amiright?

Uma smacks my arm hard and grins. "Get out of my brain, Raphie."

Now we're getting somewhere! Uma has a thing for this girl. An attraction which—coupled with Uma's secret little beaver-buzzer that fluttered with the cadence of Jamie's sweet voice—is making it difficult for Uma to focus on the important things… like her lunch order. Over the course of the hour, I watch with pure delight as Uma flushes whenever Jamie visits our table and speaks to us. I feel like a little kid with a grownup secret.

For Uma, and I assume most women, it's not just about physical stimulation, but mental stimulation as well—finding the right trigger to set the right mood. (I'M JUST LEARNING THIS SHIT NOW?!) And perky, unsuspecting waitress Jamie is the perfect trigger. Now…how to build on this momentum and take things to the next level? Jamie is the most logical choice, but she has to ditch work and get to class for a midterm (seriously?), so we're back to square one.

Uma and I get into my car and drive back to the office. Then, a revelation. Let's see what type of music Uma reeeeaaaally likes. She says she likes A Tribe Called Quest's "Can I Kick It?" but I figure out she doesn't *like it* like it. Twenty One Pilots gets us a little closer, but that shit is so weak. How about another throwback—"Wanted (On the Run)" by Beanie Sigel featuring Cam'ron? (Jesus. Did I just refer to a song released in '05 as a "throwback"?) Closer still, but not quite right.

FOR UMA, AND I ASSUME MOST WOMEN, IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT PHYSICAL STIMULATION, BUT MENTAL STIMULATION AS WELL—FINDING THE RIGHT TRIGGER TO SET THE MOOD.

We walk around a nearby outdoor plaza, Uma's naughty bits bumbling with passing cars, overheard conversations, and an occasional dog barking. But while this is a unique way to feel sound, Uma's and my disappointment grows. She says the vibrator feels great, but it's not so much a sexual experience as a good way to kill a few hours with an otherwise intolerable human being. Discouraged, we decide to hit up a restaurant and grab lunch.

Lunch. The meal that changes everything.

It's the middle of the day…on a Wednesday. So naturally, I get distracted by the drink menu. After all, I'm a—*cough*—journalist, so day-drinking is pretty much mandatory. Our server introduces herself as Jamie, rambles through the specials, and makes a few recommendations. Uma is lost—her eyes are locked on the cute, twentysomething part-time waitress. She needs a minute.

"Holy shit, Uma. It just got real," I realize aloud. "You like her. Her voice…she was making it shake, wasn't she!"

Finally, a secret weapon: Jason Derulo's "Trumpets." A song with such depth, texture…brilliance. As the intensity of the track builds to its impending crescendo, Uma closes her eyes, bites her knuckle, and I know it has her. Brass horns stab forcefully behind the beat. Background vocals dart in and out of the song, with Derulo's falsetto hugging the snare's quirky slapback—building, creating tension, pounding irregularly. It's too much. Uma seizes and sputters, sweat collecting in the crease above her upper lip, audible sighs and whispers over the blaring sex-anthem. Fucking Jason Derulo.

For all I know, Uma is still asleep in the front seat of my car.

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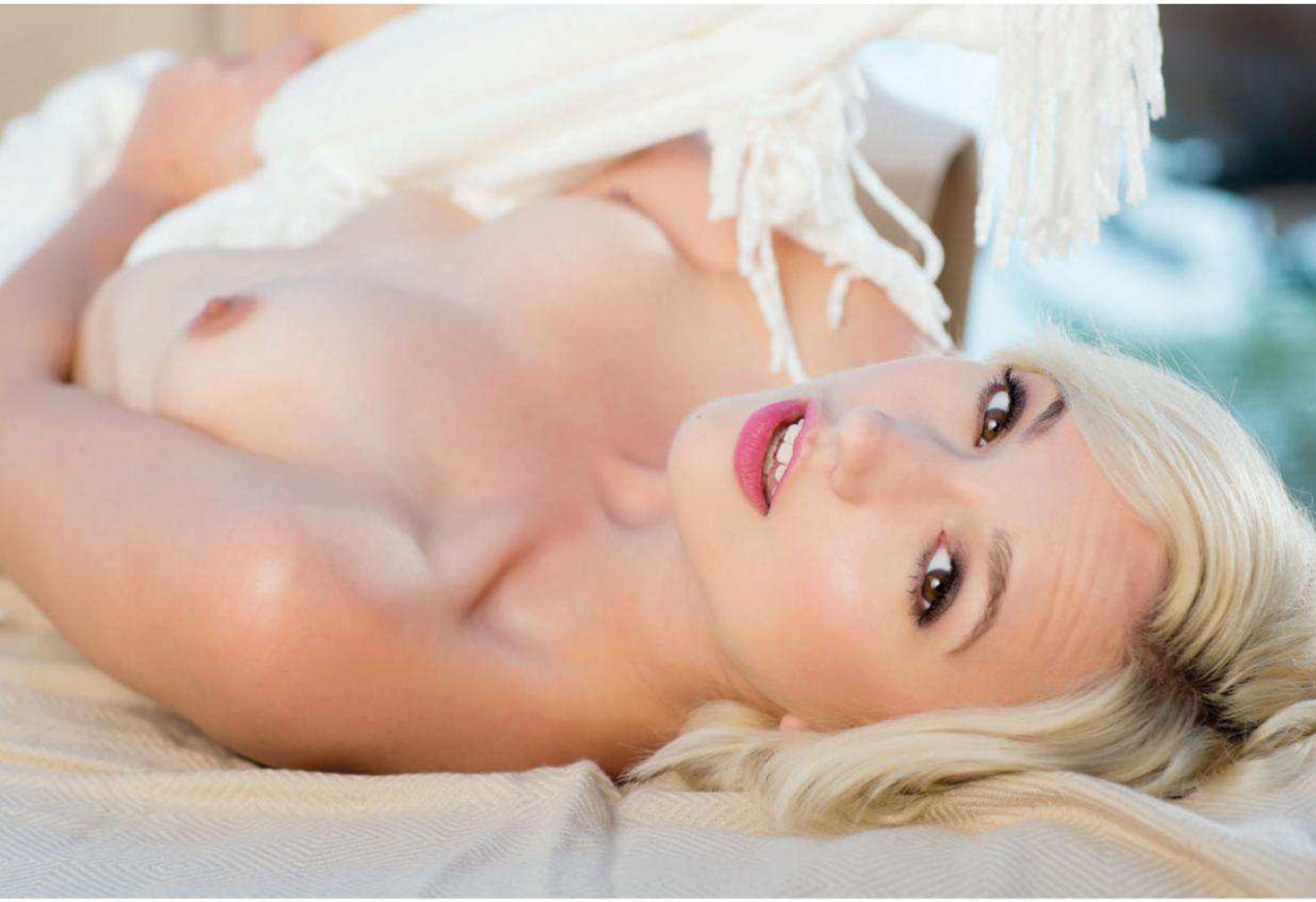
PHOTO: CHAD LEE



NOT SO INNOCENT

Chaturbate cammer Eliza Jane is on a mission to turn on as many people as possible. Playing on her good-girl looks and charm, Eliza's up-for-anything attitude keeps her fans coming, and coming back. So when we asked Eliza if she would be our first featured CyberCutie, we weren't surprised when she responded with a resounding "YES!"

Photography: Ben Hoffman

Vital Stats:
34-25-36 | 5'4" | 23 years old

Hometown: Salt Lake City

You have a pretty unique approach to opportunity.

Definitely. I have a tendency of going through life trying things that present themselves to me. Same with camming.

Camming presented itself to you?

A friend of mine mentioned webcamming to me. I had never heard of it before. I logged on to Chaturbate to check it out, and just found myself watching show after show. I watched cammers everyday for like three months and decided to give it a try.

And?

I was addicted after my first time. It was my first time naked in public, and I just watched the room count go from the hundreds into the thousands. One guy tipped me and asked for a come show. I didn't even have any toys. I ran to my room, grabbed a Pikachu toy, and started rubbing my clit with it. It was overwhelming to think of all those people watching me masturbate.

Real orgasm or fake orgasm?

Real. It was like a fear-orgasm–a huge adrenaline rush for me to come in front of all of those people. That orgasm knocked me out. I'm still chasing that feeling.

How do you deal with off-the-wall fan requests?

I will go out of my way to become whatever anyone wants me to be as long as it's not hurtful or dangerous. I once filled a giant inflatable pool with as much olive oil as I could afford, and just slid around in it for hours. I felt slippery for days. The irony of extra-virgin olive oil didn't escape me.

Check out Eliza's live shows daily. She's usually online daily between 12:00 P.M. and 5:00 P.M. PT, and again from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. PT.

Chaturbate.com/_eliza

TANGERINE DREAM

I HAD been working at the shore club for six months when I first spotted Miss Marilyn. The tips from our wealthy clientele were funding my "escape Mom's house" plan; my own place was the goal.

She was older—pushing fifty, maybe?—but her arms and tits didn't show her age. Her tennis lessons, along with countless afternoons poolside sipping peach mimosas, contributed to a banging body that resembled a woman at least ten years younger. I always knew when she was there because of her toes. They were always painted a tangerine color.

Her long legs were usually situated in an inviting way, crossed and shimmery, like some high-fashion magazine cover. Those stems led up to a sweet spot that I desperately wanted to get lost in.

I had always liked older women; snippets of silver-streaked maidens lay tucked away under my bed next to a tub of lube. On an otherwise ordinary day with ordinary sunshine and ordinary sunbathers, she, in all her dangerous glory, caught my eye.

Steadying my tray, I approached her and asked if she needed a refill. Her mouth was moving but I didn't hear anything. My eyes were fixated on her bounty that shone in the sun—baby oil perhaps? Her lips were painted pale coral, her eyes hidden behind giant Versace frames and a white floppy hat. Damn, she was sexy.

"Did you get that?" she asked. "I want a glass of cucumber water, too. Never mind. Tell me where it is and I'll grab it. I need to get out of the sun for a minute. It's hot today."

"Sure thing, ma'am, right this way." Leading her through the manicured landscaping, I took her to the refill station, beside the pool utility closet. Next thing I know, Miss Marilyn was pressing herself against me and it wasn't by accident. In fact, she didn't even try to hide it.

"You know, Derek, it's been a long time since I've had some stamina in my life."

I looked at her, confused but curious.

"Stamina?"

Running one lonely index finger down my chest, she said, "I'm sure twenty-two-year-old boys are full of energy. Sometimes these long summer days leave a girl feeling, well, a bit bothered."

My tray fell as she crashed into my mouth, kissing me hungrily as we stumbled into the utility closet.

This was it! Steadying me against the closet wall, Miss Marilyn trailed her tongue down my abs, stopping to wrap her arms around my waist. "You're in the gym a lot, I see."

Smiling with trepidation and excitement, I sputtered, "Yeah, a little bit."

Grabbing my shirt, she lifted it over my head. I nervously knocked over some pool equipment, but my dick was ready to go.

I BEGAN GRABBING AT HER TITS AND THEY POPPED RIGHT OUT OF HER BATHING SUIT.

Unbuttoning my pants, she swirled her tongue around my swollen head. She licked her way up and down both sides, all the while keeping her eyes locked on mine. A devious grin flashed across her face as she took my entire cock into her mouth.

I stood there covered in spilled cucumber water and strewn pool equipment, feeling like I was going to make an even bigger mess if she kept deep-throating me.

Miss Marilyn took a second to catch her breath and looked up at me.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Uh, yeah."

I wondered if all older women were this aggressive. I began grabbing at her tits and they popped right out of her bathing suit. I pulled her up and drew circles on them with my tongue, sucking those brown, hard nipples.

I threw her down onto a forgotten foam floating something or other—my cock was so hard I felt like I was going to blow. I entered her missionary and started drilling her, holding those long legs in the air in a V.

I spun her around and she pleaded for more.

"Put it in my ass," she commanded as she got on all fours.

I had never done anal before, but today was the day. Using my finger, I took some of her juice and rubbed it around her asshole, and then, with her gentle guidance, slid my dick into her ass.

Oh. This was a different—warm, but so much tighter. I started hitting her as hard as I could, her bare breasts hanging low. And that sound—a clapping—began to fill the utility closet.

She wailed loudly. I didn't want my supervisor busting me, so I muffled her moans with my hand. And then a rush. I came so hard, I filled her ass up with my load and then some. Wow.

Later, I served my guests like nothing happened. A glowing Miss Marilyn trotted off to her tennis lesson, but before she left, she just had one last request. Extending her hand, she handed me an empty glass.

"Derek, do me a favor. Just call me Marilyn. And doll, can you bring me another one of those mimosas? It's terribly hot outside today."

—Derek S., South Padre Island, Texas

COFFEE GRINDER

FOR the last year, I've been running my business out of a local coffee shop. It's a few blocks from my apartment, has free Wi-Fi, a never-ending supply of coffee, and super cute female customers.

About three months ago, a girl I cleverly dubbed "Writer Chick" showed up with the same idea as me and I immediately started crushing on her. She was sexy in a disheveled librarian kind of way, with a cute figure hidden under earth-toned yoga

pants and cut-up T-shirts. Her hair looked like storage for pencils tucked in a big brown bun balanced on top of her head. She wasn't your typical hottie, but there was something sexy about her.

One overcast afternoon last week, I finally worked up enough courage to make contact with Writer Chick. I was getting ready to leave when I heard her stressing about something in the corner where she usually set up. She seemed flustered and tense, jamming her computer into one of her bags and gathering her many pages of notes.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I'm fine. I just have a deadline and it's starting to rain and I have a long walk and all these bags and papers and my laptop and fuck fuck fuck shit." She settled after a few deep breaths. "I'm okay," she said calmly and smiled at me. Wow. She had perfectly white, beauty-pageant-contestant-type teeth.

"I'm Andie," she said, putting out her hand.

"I'm Eddie," I said, shaking it. "Nice to meet you. I work here," I winked.

"Yeah, me too," she sassed. Taking the opening, I offered her a ride home.

"Really? That would be great!"

When we got to her place I helped her carry her stuff inside. Her apartment was tiny but surprisingly organized. I put her bags down on the sofa just inside her front door. As I was turning to go, she walked right up to my face and asked, "Do you want something?"

I stumbled all over my words, managing to squeak out a polite "no thanks." Smooth.

"Are you sure I can't interest you in anything?" she teased.

"Anything?" I asked.

"Sure. Why not," she quipped.

My heart was racing. *Anything? Was she serious?* Sheepishly, I leaned in for a kiss. When her soft lips met mine, she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me in close. Caught up in the moment, I hoisted her off the ground as she wrapped her legs around my waist.

SHE HAD HER LEGS PROPPED UP SO I COULD SEE THE OUTLINE OF HER PUSSY LIPS SWELLING THROUGH HER LEGGINGS.

"The bedroom's that way," she said, pointing, so I carried her to the bed and laid her down on her back. She had her legs propped up so I could see the outline of her pussy lips swelling through her leggings. They were like two warm, fluffy hills.

I traced them with my middle finger and could feel the heat emanating. With my thumb, I started slowly rubbing the outline of her clit. Andie let out a soft moan as she pressed her pussy harder against my hand, rhythmically grinding against me.

I pulled her pants off and she yanked her panties down around her ankles. Sitting up, she undid my jeans and tugged them down, revealing my somewhat big and rock-hard cock.

"Wow, Eddie. What have you been hiding?" Taking me in both of her hands, she leaned in, sealed her soft lips around my purple head, and sucked me like I was a lollipop. Pulsing my head with her mouth, she slid her tongue along the underside of my shaft, tickling it with gentle flicks.

I closed my eyes and shivered as she tried to swallow me whole, bobbing her head up and down, forcing me deeper into her throat. She reached under me and tugged gently on my balls, squeezing slightly, then releasing. Squeezing and releasing, bobbing up and down. I let out a loud groan.

I wanted to fuck this little writer chick so badly, I almost said it out loud. I grabbed her shoulders and tried pushing her back on the bed. The angle was strange, but she took the hint. She sat up to take off

her T-shirt. No bra, and the most amazing scoops of firm handfuls with soft, pale-pink nipples. I pushed her onto her back and sucked on her wonderful tits.

She inched her pelvis up toward my dick, begging me, "Please, now."

Reaching down, I grabbed my girth and eased it inside her. Teasing, I pulled out, rubbing the tip just outside her wet pussy. She kept bucking up toward me, trying to make it go inside her, but I wouldn't give her more than an inch before pulling back out. This shit was so hot. I literally wanted her to beg for it…and she did.

Finally, I gave it to her, shoving deep inside with a wet slurp. She screamed and wrapped her legs around my waist to make sure that I couldn't pull out again.

"Fuck me!" she shouted as we bucked wildly, her head slamming into the wall with each pump.

Neither one of us lasted long. She screamed again and shuddered as I came deep inside her warm hole. Then she milked me with her pussy walls, like she was doing Kegels. Wow!

The short version of an otherwise long epilogue is that Andie and I are now dating, and our code for "Let's rush home and have sex" is "I have a deadline."

–Eddie N., Brentwood, Tennessee

TA PDA

DURING my second year of college, I found myself in a rough spot. I was studying on a sports scholarship, so every second I breathed was about rowing. I was the fittest I'd ever been in my life, but mentally, I was resentful.

Watching my friends as they all went off and enjoyed the good parts of college life while I had 5 o'clock practice every morning was killing me. I finally had enough and quit the team. It was a bummer that my so-called "free ride" was over; I now had to apply for student loans like everyone else. I started studying business and political science with the aim of going into entertainment law one day. Without my mind stuck on rowing, I could actually enjoy my classes.

My political theory course was in a massive lecture hall, taught by one of the

oldest professors on campus. Although he was a dinosaur in khakis, the course had a number of teaching assistants who led our tutorial groups.

On the first day of my tutorial, I walked into the classroom and saw the hottest woman I had ever seen. She was in her late twenties, tall with slender shoulders, long blonde hair, and a slim waist set off by a huge, round ass. I am an ass man, for sure, and this one was unstoppable.

As I scrambled for a seat near her, watching where she would go, I realized she wasn't sitting down at all.

"Hey guys, my name is Lily and I'll be your TA this semester," she said, half flipping through her textbook and half looking out into the room.

I spent that entire hour fighting off fantasies of fucking her juicy, fat ass. By the time our tutorial was done, my brain was stir-fried. I had to jerk off the minute I got back to my place. How the fuck was I going to concentrate for an entire semester with Lily as my TA?

I looked forward to every tutorial, even though it was a tortuous battle between my brain and my boner. It's so cliché to have a crush on your teacher, but I couldn't help it. I had crushed on my elementary school teachers, and every dude at my high school lusted after Miss Baker, the insanely hot art teacher who flirted with all the seniors. But this was college, and Lily wasn't that much older than me. There was a sliver of possibility.

After I trained my cock to calm down, I could focus on my schoolwork. I was too nervous to participate in the group discussions in front of Lily, so I let the mouthy know-it-alls blabber on while I worked my ass off on my papers. It paid off. Every time, Lily awarded me with an "A" in red marker. During tutorials, she would get up and walk around the room as she spoke, and each time she passed me, she would stop, her ass a few inches from my chin, like she was a sadist, torturing me on purpose. Then she would touch her hand down on my desk, turn around to smile at me, and continue her pacing.

One night I was out with my friends at a crowded bar off campus. After a few drinks, I went to take a piss and noticed

I TURNED HER AROUND, PULLED UP HER DRESS, AND SHE WIGGLED HER THONG DOWN TO HER KNEES.

Lily walking toward the ladies' room. This was my chance. She saw me and walked over, beaming.

"Shouldn't you be at home studying tonight?" she teased. "Big paper due tomorrow, after all."

"I needed a break," I said. "Besides, I've already finished."

"Well, look at you," she sort of purred as she gently guided me over against the wall, away from the drunken idiots filtering in and out the bathrooms. Now she was sidled up close, smiling as she tucked her hair behind her ear and pushed her body closer to mine. She smelled like vanilla and wine.

"Come on," she said as she grabbed my hand and pulled me into the bathroom. It was small with only two stalls and a lock on the door. Another girl winced at us as she finished washing her hands and left.

Lily pushed the heavy door shut and locked it from the inside. She pulled out a baggie of white powder and offered me a bump. This was really happening.

There was no way I was going to fuck up this chance. I grabbed her by the back of her head and started kissing her. Her mouth was soft and sweet as she swirled her tongue around mine. She led her hands down the front of my pants, rubbing my rock-hard cock, before she ripped down my jeans, dropped to her knees, and took my dick into her mouth. She massaged my balls as she bobbed, pushing my head to the back of her throat, running her tongue all over my shaft, hard and deep, like a cock-hungry pro.

Outside, people started yelling and banging on the door. Lily looked up at me, slobber hanging from her lips to my dick. "We don't have much time," she said.

I turned her around, pulled up her dress, and she wiggled her thong down to her knees. She pushed herself against the wall, arching her back as her big, round ass begged for me. I grabbed onto her hips and shoved myself into her dripping wet cunt. She moaned and moved my hand into her mouth, sucking my fingers like a choking device, as I pounded into the soft cushioning of her perfect ass.

Not wanting to come, I pulled out, bent down, and spread her cheeks, running my tongue around her delicious asshole as I reached my hand around and figured her velvety clit. She quivered and reached back, grabbing me by my hair and shoving my face further into her ass. I couldn't get enough.

"I'm going to fucking come," she warned through heavy breaths. "Come with me."

I stood up, shoved myself back into her, and thrusted until I felt her body shake with orgasm. I pulled out just in time and sprayed all over her luscious ass. I collapsed against her back, my dick rubbing between her cheeks.

Spent and satisfied, Lily grabbed some paper towel from the dispenser, wiped off the come, and pulled up her underwear. I was still stunned and speechless as I got myself together. I pulled her in for a hard kiss to kill my awkward silence.

"I think you should see me after class tomorrow," she smiled.

Needless to say, the rest of the year was aces.–*Tim R., New Haven, Connecticut*

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*.

Send letters to letters@penthouse.com or mail to *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

WHY WOULD YOU EVER SMUGGLE YOUR WEED?

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

I BROUGHT weed over the U.S. border once—by accident. I was a 23-year-old Canadian, in college, playing in a punk band, and working at a restaurant. I was a mean waitress, but all the old patrons who took up space at the bar found my attitude charming. They all liked me. The only one I actually liked back was Robert.

Robert was the perfect customer: low maintenance, fun to talk to, kind without being creepy, and, best of all, he'd always throw me some weed. One night, after a long shift of serving calamari to rent-a-cops and yuppie couples, I sat down to drink a beer with Robert before walking home. He pulled out a fat joint from his Carhartt jacket and I put it in my pocket.

"You rule, Robert," I said. "I'll smoke this when I'm packing tonight." I was leaving the next morning to go to Portland with my band to play with Pierced Arrows.

The next day, I missed my alarm clock and woke to vicious honking outside my apartment window. I whipped on my jean jacket, grabbed my bag, and bolted. We were an all-girl outfit traveling in a Crown Vic, and when we hit the border we did our usual routine: "We're just going shopping, officer," and we were sent on our way. By the time we stopped for pizza in that dump town people call Olympia, I'd discovered the weed in my pocket.

This was nearly a decade ago, long before dispensaries and gourmet edibles. Had I been caught, I would have been banned from the U.S. for years.

I would never intentionally smuggle weed over the border. It's stupid, even if you are about to bank a few million on the risk. I've been through enough drug stops in my life to know that cannabis is the most detectable substance, yet it's the easiest to buy in any city in most of the world. What's the point of risking jail for that?

I follow the TSA's Instagram and you should, too. They post all the throwing stars, dynamite, and guns they confiscate from carry-on bags. I remember one post in particular where a man had taped a bag of pot to his knife and hidden it in his carry-on. This would be classified as retarded at best. The TSA captioned the image with something to the effect of, "We aren't looking for drugs, but come on." You know who is looking for drugs? International border security and those men in Texas with the big-boy guns. So, how do you get away with it? I asked some brave, stupid idiots just how their capers panned out.

"I have filled non-lubricated condoms with weed and put them in my vagina to smuggle pot into half a dozen countries. Never got caught."—*Mandy S., Brooklyn, New York*

"I dated a guy in college who used to move pounds of weed through FedEx and USPS. On multiple occasions I would ship some of these packages for him, and receive manilla envelopes full of thousands of dollars. My college years were not filled with Ramen dinners. In fact, they were probably more lavish than my current life. Unfortunately, when he and his partners decided to expand the business, it came to an end when a truck full of weed bound for some town in Texas to do a deal with the Mexican mafia never quite made it."—*Ashley D., Santa Cruz, California*

"I put unopened oil cartridges in my makeup bag in my checked luggage. Then I put my small vape battery in the pen holster inside my carry-on. When I landed, I hooked them up while waiting for my ride to arrive and had weed oil for the trip. Easy."
—*Phoenix Askani, Los Angeles, California*

"My brother used to take tons of weed everywhere. He bought a vacuum sealer and used to unscrew the top of a Degree deodorant and put it underneath, then pack it in his checked luggage. He did this on the regular. When he didn't have deodorant, he used a shampoo bottle."
—*Jaclyn L., Berkeley, California*

"I used to take weed in my guitar pedal when I was overconfident and too young to care. I'd wrap it in a bit of coffee and unscrew the bottom of the pedal, then I'd stuff my weed in there and load it in with the regular luggage. I got through customs in Brazil twice."—*Jonathan J. R., Coquitlam, British Columbia*

"Back in the late nineties, I smuggled a sunglasses case full of weed through the airport in Detroit with the help of a TSA bag checker. The pot was in one of those cloth bags. I was boarding a flight back to Denver. She took it out and started feeling it through the bag. Of course I panicked and whispered that my parents were right behind me—they were—and told her that it was just loose tea. She smiled at me and let me go. To this day, I can't believe she risked her job doing that."
—*Martine D., Boulder, Colorado*

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / GYN9037

"BACK IN THE LATE NINETIES, I SMUGGLED A SUNGLASSES CASE FULL OF WEED THROUGH THE AIRPORT WITH THE HELP OF A TSA BAG CHECKER."

"My friend and I were going on our first overseas press trip for a relatively well-known media company. After we checked our bags and ourselves in for the flight, my friend asks if I'd like to smoke a joint before we get on the plane. Sure, why not, I think. I love weed; I hate flying. This is perfect. We cruise down to the multistory carpark, find a spot, and smoke up. I turn to my friend: "Man...we've gotta find some weed when we get to Europe." He replies: "Dude, it's all good. I've got half an ounce with me." At this point I do what any right-minded individual would and ask him, between tokes, if he's (a) joking or (b) out of his mind. "It's fine," he says. "I've already checked the weed. It's in the bag we just handed over." The ambience of serenity that's circulating around my mind immediately turns into high-grade paranoia. Have you ever been through airport security with burning hot red-eye? That shit is scary, but it's ten times worse when your friend has already checked in half an ounce of weed. At the security gate, a guard pulls me to the side. I freak out. It turns out he's getting me to form a new line. *Good. Breathe.* The airport had just installed those full-body scanners which, in his dumb and high state, interests my friend so much he asks a guard if he can have a go in one. We arrive at our destination, the bag comes out, no one pulls us aside, and we spend the next four days getting stoned to the heavens. I would be lying if I said what preceded our arrival wasn't one of the worst experiences of my life, though. Smuggle your own weed? Sure. Smuggle weed... with someone else, without telling them, and get them high beforehand? No thanks."—*James L., London, England*

"My grandmother and my great aunt went to a music festival in Felton, California, and met up with my second cousin. He told my grandmother about the dispensary he goes to and about vape pens. She really wanted to get some for my sister and me. Her plan was to sneak them back on the plane for us. She put the little black vapes in with her makeup brushes. She had a whole plan in case she got caught: "I'll say I didn't do it!" She was going to use the old-woman card and play dumb. "What are those? What do you mean marijuana!? No! Did someone pull a joke on me?" She had it all figured out. She was so excited she had butterflies all through the airport. She got away with it and we got the excellent California vapes."
—*Anna W., Brooklyn, New York*

FOWL PLAY

BY DAVE CARNIE

I WAS recently hired to write a cookbook for a restaurant in Asia that specializes in chicken. My first task was to interview the chef and provide some sample text for the publisher. Here's the beginning of the interview/sample text that I submitted:

"So," I said, "have you ever fucked a chicken?"

[The chef] made a weird face. Then he laughed. Then, in disbelief, he stared straight down, between his arms crossed on the table. He shook his head. When he looked up, his smile seemed to say, "That's funny, but: next question."

"I'm serious," I said. "C'mon, you must have fucked a chicken, right?"

I was kind of serious because if [the chef] has had relations with a chicken, it could possibly be worth millions of dollars. Larry Flynt, for instance, fucked a chicken when he was a boy and he wrote about it in his memoir, *An Unseemly Man.*

"At the age of nine," he wrote, "I had sex with a chicken."

Mr. Flynt goes on to describe his relationship with this chicken in great detail. It's a very disturbing passage. And that's why anyone who has ever read that book remembers nothing about it other than the man fucked a chicken.

I developed a formula from this: If you have sex with a chicken, then you write about having sex with a chicken in a book, and that book will sell millions of copies. Well, actually, I have no idea how many copies of Flynt's book sold, but they made a movie out of it and I'm pretty sure it was because of the chicken-fucking business. So, I reasoned, if I can get some chicken-fucking into this cookbook, then, BAM! Best-seller. Maybe even a movie.

(BAM. You think Emeril ever fucked a chicken?)

I thought it was a funny way to start. Gross, but funny. The rest of the interview is more or less "normal." Serious at times. There's nary a mention of chickens, or fucking, or fucking chickens for the rest of the piece.

A week after I submitted the sample text, however, I got a call from the chef, who said he was very sorry, but I would not be writing their cookbook. There was no explanation other than that they had decided to go with a writer who had "a more neutral voice."

"Wait. What?" I said.

I was flabbergasted. I thought the chef, along with his wife, would have found the chicken-fucking story funny because they had said from the outset that they chose me to author their book because they enjoyed my writing. And beginning a cookbook dedicated to chickens with a story about fucking chickens seemed, to me at least, congruent with my special brand of stupid.

"Well, now hold on a second," I said, trying not to sound too desperate, "I can do neutral." I tried to explain that the chicken-fucking story was just a joke and was never intended to be in the final document. "That was just there for your amusement," I said. "Ha? Ha?"

They were not amused.

And so I am not writing a cookbook for a chicken restaurant in Asia. I'm disappointed because I really wanted that gig. I'm also pissed because this wasn't the first time I've been fired due to bestiality. You'd think I'd know better by now.

One of the first jobs I had was working at the help desk for a giant telecom company in San Francisco in the 1990s. This was when the internet was still kind of new and people were dabbling in personal web pages. While wasting time at work, I did a search for the Online Guitar Archive, or OLGA, but somehow I ended up on a site belonging to a woman named Olga who lived in Santa Barbara with her husband and their dog. Olga's website said that she enjoyed jogging on the beach with her dog and making awesome food for her husband. She invited her readers to visit their pages as well. I did. There I learned that Olga's husband also likes jogging on the beach and enjoys eating Olga's awesome food. The dog, unsurprisingly, was into beaches, jogging, and awesome food as well. But, c'mon! A dog with a webpage? Are you kidding me? Now I'd seen everything!

There was a button at the bottom of the page that invited me to email Olga. "I'd love to hear from you!" the button read. So I wrote Olga a letter.

About a year later, I heard back from Olga. Although not directly. The telecom company's corporate headquarters sent a man in a suit to deliver Olga's message to me.

"Are you Dave Carnie?" the executive asked across the conference table. I said that I was. He passed a piece of paper across the table. "Do you recognize this?"

As soon as I began reading the paper I started laughing. "Oh, shit!" I said. "This is the letter I wrote to Olga!"

The letter read:

Dear Olga,
How much would it cost one, not necessarily me, to stick their penis in your dog's fundament? Looking forward to hearing back from you.
Love,
Dave Carnie

"I forgot about that," I said, laughing.

"So, uh, then you do recognize the email?" the suit asked nervously.

"Fuck yeah, I do," I said, still laughing.

If "trolling" had been a word back then I could have just said, "Yeah, I trolled her," but since it wasn't a word yet, I had to explain why it was required of me to reach out to her in the manner that I did. I explained my actions like I had fixed the internet, and in a tone that indicated anyone in my shoes would have done the exact same thing. "Wouldn't you?"

The suit indicated that he would not.

He also said that Olga did not enjoy my email. In fact, Olga was so disappointed by my letter that she reported me to the FCC. The FCC then contacted the telecom company. That's why the suit was there to tell me that what I did was wrong. He added that bestiality was not part of our company's philosophy.

"Oh, it's not?" I replied. "I did not know that."

My supervisor, Brenda, also in the meeting, asked, "So, is there going to be any discipline or anything?"

I had put in my two-week notice over a week before. I was moving to L.A. The only reason I was still working there was for Brenda, because the position I occupied required a lengthy training period. Brenda needed to keep me as long as she could.

"Well, basically, he doesn't work here anymore," the suit said to her.

"I'm fired?" I squealed.

I wanted to yell in his face, "You can't fire me! Because I quit!" Which, technically, was true (for once). But I had never been fired from a job before, so I kept my mouth shut and enjoyed the experience.

"NEWS FLASH! Area Man Canned for Carnal Canine Correspondence!"

A couple years later, I had another bestiality incident that should have also been used as precedent. I discovered that Larry Flynt himself, an admitted animal philanderer, does not allow bestiality in any of his titles. And he's partaken in bestiality! (It should be noted this policy was not implemented out of ethical concerns for animals, but rather for financial reasons.)

Apparently one of Flynt's titles ran a pictorial that featured a woman and a horse. I understand there wasn't any actual hanky-panky in the photos, but it was very suggestive. When this issue reached the Canadian border, Canadian customs said, "No way, nuh-uh. That smut's not coming in here, eh." The magazines were destroyed and it cost Larry Flynt Publishing (LFP) more than a few loonies. Being the shrewd businessman that he is, Mr. Flynt decreed: No more bestiality.

We learned this the hard way when we tried to publish an article in *Big Brother* (then an LFP title) called, "How to Fuck Animals." It was a stupid article outlining the best ways one could enjoy the orifices of a dozen or so other species we share the planet with.

"Nope," the LFP executive team said when they saw the article.

We protested. "Okay, fine. But what if we—"

"NOPE!"

Usually we were able to negotiate some sort of compromise with the LFP executive team, but there was no arguing with them on the subject of bestiality. It was a great big NOPE and that was final.

Sean Cliver, the artist who had illustrated the piece, was crestfallen. He had spent a lot of time drawing a dozen happy, slutty animals and we all hated to see his hard work go to waste. So we got rid of the text and changed the title to, "Fun With Animals!" The article was reduced to 12 animal portraits with dotted lines around their heads. The reader was instructed to: "Cut these animals out and put them in your mouth!" Problem solved.

A WEEK AFTER I SUBMITTED THE SAMPLE TEXT, I GOT A CALL FROM THE CHEF WHO SAID HE WAS VERY SORRY, BUT I WOULD NOT BE WRITING THEIR COOKBOOK. WAIT. WHAT?

So. Bestiality is bad. I know that. Everyone knows that. ("NEWS FLASH! People in China Speak Chinese!") I just didn't realize that it's not funny. Fine. No more bestiality jokes. Whatever.

And while my encounters with bestiality resistance groups have cost me both time and money, I find this encouraging: Everyone agrees that bestiality is bad. This is a monumental achievement. Read it again: EVERYONE agrees. *

So, if we can all agree that raping animals is bad, surely we can find common ground in other areas. Is it possible we can agree that raping other things is bad, too? Like, I don't know, the planet? Other cultures? People?

** The conclusion that "everyone agrees" was arrived at by the author from a personal study conducted without proper scientific procedure and from a sample group that included only three subjects. Which the author admits, "Isn't quite everyone, but it's close."*

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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